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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
LEWIS S. GANNETT
ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
MANAGING EDITOR FREDA KIRCHWEY
LITERARY EDITOR MARK VAN DOREN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN
NORMAN THOMAS CARL VAN DOREN
DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

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PROSPERITY? YES! The Internal Revenue Bureau produces fabulous figures of growing wealth. But, unfortunately for prosperity as a campaign slogan, it is prosperity for the few. Some 400,000 corporations made returns; 1,200 of these record profits of more than $5,000,000 in 1926—more profit than all the other 398,000 put together. One little group of 168 corporations made more than $13,500,000 each in the last fiscal year. The Aluminum Company of America is not named, but doubtless it is one of the 168. No wonder Mr. Mellon and Mr. Insull and other directors of the 168 are willing and able to write out checks for mere tens of thousands wherever a Coolidge-prosperity candidate is threatened with defeat. No wonder Calvin is satisfied, and the Presidential spokesman announces that he will not ask Congress to place any curb on the trusts. America is the richest country in the world, with bigger and better billionaires than ever in its history; why shouldn't we be proud of them and proud to let them rule us?

THE DISCUSSIONS AT GENEVA, as we go to press, indicate an extraordinary and unexpected desire to conciliate the United States and obtain its adhesion to the World Court in spite of reservations on our part which are in effect amendments. Such objection as has been publicly voiced against our reservations has come mainly from the lesser nations. The representatives of the larger countries have been making every effort to devise a method whereby the United States may be taken in, reservations and all, before our Senate has a chance to debate the question again and perhaps decline to enter the World Court on any basis. It remains to be seen, of course, whether this country will make any important use of the tribunal. While our present attitude toward foreign affairs persists, the chances are in the negative. Whereas we once led the world in the effort to settle international disputes through arbitration, we have latterly adopted a policy of laying down the law and demanding compliance. The field of most of our present and prospective disputes is Latin America, but we want no international arbitration there. Instead we stand upon an utter misinterpretation of the Monroe Doctrine (which was intended to safeguard the independence of small nations) and assert our "right" to rule the roost.

NEWTON BAKER evidently does not plan an immediate return to political life. Otherwise he would not have blurted out the various uncomfortably true things which he had to say about the inter-Allied debts. Mr. Coolidge's Spokesman naturally seized upon the statement with gusto, and expressed the hope that the Democrats would make debt-cancelation an issue in the campaign. They will hardly make so colossal a blunder; but those of us who are not seeking political office may continue to point out that the Administration debt-policy is one of the most magnificent exhibits of the modern technique of kidding the people which it has ever been our privilege to witness. The debt agreements were negotiated under a Congressional resolution which required the commission to demand payment in full, and on their faces carry payment of the principal, though with interest rates so low as to amount to heavy cancelation. Congress was fooled into ratifying them upon this illusory form of accounting; but no sooner had Congress signed on the dotted line than the Administration officials began bombarding the newspapers with new account-sheets, demonstrating that we were not really squeezing the European nations at all but were extremely generous. In fact, though we have scaled down the tables, we are still asking all the European countries to pledge their future taxpayers for sixty-two years in order to pay these debts.

"ONLY ONE THING seems quite certain," Mr. Baker says. "The generation in Germany which did not cause the war will not mortgage itself and its children for two-thirds of a century." Bankers, at least, are beginning to realize the idiocy of the Versailles program and the exaggerated hopes of even the Dawes revision. But, Mr. Baker says, America is applying the "same fallacious and disastrous methods to our Allies." We are asking them to pledge future generations to pay our war-time loans. The British settlement he regards as a "magnificent disaster" because it set a precedent which less firmly bulwarked countries can never follow. And he thinks the time ripe for a general reconsideration, in which we should cancel the Allied debts to us, they cancel their war debts to one another, and in turn "release some part of the burdens imposed upon Germany." In time the world will probably

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come to something like that; Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover doubtless have it in the backs of their heads and doubtless have let their European friends know it; but no man out to get votes in this fall's election is likely to dare talk such common sense. Neither Democrats nor Republicans like to face the fact that the war was a colossal failure, and that neither the money spent in it nor the lives lost in it can ever be recovered. Even the ideals are reported missing.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" is the motto of the political dopesters in commenting on the results of the California primaries. If you like Hiram Johnson and detest the World Court you observe that his candidate won the nomination for Governor, which carries control of the State organization, and that the candidate whom he supported for the Senatorial list, together with the independent Dry who was also anti-court, polled more votes than Senator Shortridge, the pro-Coolidge, pro-court aspirant. On the other hand, if you like the Court and Mr. Coolidge, and hate Hiram, you can point out—and do—that Senator Shortridge did win, despite the ferocious attacks made upon him by the doughty junior Senator. The fact is that the primary showed Hiram Johnson regaining some of his lost grip. The defeat of Judge Busick, the Sacramento injunction-judge, is another hopeful sign. The Democratic primary results were as open to mixed interpretations. Mr. McAdoo and his friends charged that Mr. Dockweiler, candidate for the Senatorial nomination, and Mr. Wardell, candidate for the gubernatorial race, were Smith men, part of a plot to deliver California into the hands of Tammany Hall. Well, Mr. Dockweiler lost by a narrow margin, and, by an even smaller margin, Mr. Wardell won. And what does that prove? Chiefly, it seems to us, that Mr. McAdoo, while he can probably have California's vote at the 1928 convention, does not rule the faithful of his home State with too sure a rod, and that the fabulous popularity of "Al" in Eastern cities is spreading to the West.

THE PASSION FOR PEACE has made itself heard again, this time in a manifesto which denounces compulsory military service and asks the League of Nations to abolish the practice in all countries "as a first step toward true disarmament." It is signed by illustrious names from many countries and many fields of achievement—there are British Labor men like Philip Snowden and Arthur Ponsonby, scientists like Einstein, philosophers like Bertrand Russell, Romain Rolland and H. G. Wells; there are German military men who have seen a new light; there are Gandhi of India and Unamuno of Spain and Victor Margueritte of France—liberals of every description, but few in a position of political power. Which proves that the lovers of peace are still lovers of peace, and that the rest of the world is not much changed. In this country the manifesto partakes of the academic, since we are emphatically not League members. But, although we do not have compulsory military service in time of peace, we still have what is as bad, compulsory military training in many of our colleges and public high schools. Against that American peace-lovers must fight their principal battle.

CANTON'S RUSSIAN-TRAINED SOLDIERS have swept rapidly northward to the Yangtze River in Central China, attacking Wu Pei-fu, long the British-American favorite, in his headquarters at Wuchang. Thus China stages another of its kaleidoscopic upsets. At the moment when Chang Tso-lin, Japan's friend, has succeeded in persuading Moscow to recall its too effective ambassador, Karakhan, and immediately after the northern Nationalist army had retreated from its stronghold in the Nankow Pass, the tide turns in the middle west of China. The "Reds," a year ago masters only of Canton (which, to be sure, has the population of Great Britain), now control half of the continent-nation. With Wuchang, too, goes control of the great Hanyang arsenal. Success in China always brings new foes in its wake; and most military shifts are as fleeting as a thunderstorm; sometimes, however, they express a popular feeling that outweighs money and munitions. Wu and Chang "lost face" because of their foreign support; Canton has gained because its armies fought for a nationalist idea rather than for a general's reputation. Significantly the British have landed marines in Canton just when Canton's armies are pressing Wu Pei-fu.

DIFFERENCES IN THE RANKS of the Russian Communist Party are no menace to the stability of the Bolshevik Government, but they reflect a significant stage in the development of the revolution. It would be oversimplication yet almost true to say that the Kamenev-Zinoviev-Trotzky Opposition wishes at all costs to industrialize the country quickly, whereas the Stalin Administration, although agreeing that a larger and stronger proletariat is the best safeguard of the revolution, argues that the peasant is already paying enough in the form of higher prices for manufactured goods, and cannot be forced to carry any more of the expense of the proletariat's tuition. The fact is that industry is advancing very rapidly and production is increasing. Last year alone 400,000 new workers were absorbed by industry. But even so this progress has not kept pace with the prosperity of the villages. The purchasing power of the mujik is probably twice as high this year as last. Harvests have been good and the coming crop may be the best in years. Bread prices in Russia, however, are higher than those of the world market, and the government, which is the sole exporter, therefore cannot afford to buy up the village's surplus. The peasant, furthermore, wants goods in exchange for his grain, but the city cannot supply him with as large a volume of factory products as he could buy. To import the goods deficit would interfere with home industrialization, and might, if grain exports were limited because of price variations, cause inflation.

THE STALIN MAJORITY is attempting to cut the Gordian knot by slashing city prices and introducing a rigid regime of economy in the state and industrial apparatus. Such measures are calculated to yield cheaper goods to the village and thus to placate the peasant. But they threaten to rob the proletariat of some of the benefits which the revolution brought it. This is the vicious circle which may not be overcome for years. In a country where the proletariat is in power but where the peasantry is the basis of the entire economy there must be an incessant tug of war. The present Opposition would make small concessions to the peasantry. The Administration feels that the situation demands larger concessions. During the next few years policy will probably depend on almost seasonal conditions, on the nature of the harvest, on the level of prices in Russia and abroad, on the credits Moscow can obtain, on the

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increase in individual working-class productivity. If, as is predicted, the autumn brings Trotzky his chance to acquire greater weight in the party counsels, this may lead to a slight shift of policy; but Stalin, Rykov, and Bucharin are too strongly entrenched to be removed, nor is it likely that economic developments will permit any radical departure from their policy.

THE BRITISH COAL MINERS have been slowly beaten to the ground by superior economic force. In the approaching negotiations in London they face the probability of reduced wages and lengthened hours with a complete abandonment of their reorganization program. In fact, they have authorized their leaders to settle for anything so long as a national agreement is secured, and it is not certain that the coal-owners will concede this much. The Government cannot or will not compel the coal-owners to yield an inch. Meanwhile the miners' resistance is breaking and 30,000 have gone back to work in the Midlands. This is an ominous sign in any British strike. The Tory die-hards are gleeful, feeling that they are teaching "those Reds" a lesson. Fortunately the rest of the British people are learning the lesson too and Labor continues to gain in the bye-elections.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is first-page copy—when he falls off a horse, flies to Paris, goes swimming, or dances with a pretty girl. But when the heir to the British throne contributes to the relief of miners' wives and children and boldly states his opposition to a decision-by-starvation the fact does not seem to be big news. When Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., mentioned it in the course of a plea for help for the miners her American audiences simply disbelieved her. The item, concealed under a headline reading Continues Grip on British Coal in the New York *Times* of May 30, escaped even the editors of *The Nation*. The Prince sent the Somersetshire Coalfields Distress Committee £10, with a note saying that

> His Royal Highness necessarily cannot take sides in any dispute, but we all owe a debt to the miners in the past, and everyone must feel sympathy for the wives and children in their hour of distress. Besides, it would not be a satisfactory end to any dispute that one side should be forced to give in on account of the suffering of their dependents.

Will the Prince's American admirers, who followed him into the shops to buy socks and neckties just like his, copy him in this?

ANOTHER EXPLOSION OF LABOR discontent in the textile industry started in the large Manville-Jenckes mill, north of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, when the loom-fixers of the United Textile Workers went on strike because the company employed certain non-union loom-fixers. The strike spread like a prairie fire. Twelve hundred workers at Woonsocket, employed by the same company, walked out in sympathy. At Manville where the strike started a report was spread that strike-breakers were coming in armored cars. Strikers gathered in a mob, smashed a thousand windows, and tried to burn the mill. State police, deputy sheriffs, and militia arrived with two machine guns and poison gas; they fought a pitched battle with the strikers and their sympathizers in which five persons were wounded. The strike was settled by a compromise through the intervention of Governor Pothier. The loom-fixer most objected to was given other employment in the mill. The methods of these Rhode Island strikers were deplorable but their strike had one remarkable feature. It was entirely a strike for the union; no wage question was involved. Such loyalty to the United Textile Workers is a hopeful sign in an industry which needs organization more than any other.

RICKSHAS ARE GOING OUT in Japan—the motor age is coming in. Ten years ago in Japan 118,904 of these two-wheeled, man-power gigs were licensed; today fewer than 85,000. In Osaka, the greatest industrial city, the number has been almost cut in half. Horse-drawn carts just hold their own; but the motor vehicle is coming with a rush. Ten years ago there were 24 motor trucks in all Japan, today there are more than 6,000; the number of pleasure cars has leaped from 681 to 15,000. Inter-city buses have already appeared on Japanese roads. Thus the Orient sweeps into the mechanical age. It was only fifty years ago that the first ricksha appeared, its jog-trot speed destined to drive out the slow walk of the sedan chairs, *kago*, and *norimona;* now a running man is already too slow.

THE GIGANTIC NOVEL in at least two volumes with which Mr. Wells has been threatening England appears, upon the publication of its first part, to have made a sensation among London readers. This is not merely, we hear, because "The World of William Clissold" mentions a number of living persons by name—Bernard Shaw, Conan Doyle, Dean Inge, Sydney Webb, and Lord Balfour—but because Mr. Wells has packed into the book his whole philosophy as it now stands. How it will stand months hence another novel may be required to show. At any rate here is the spectacle of one of the most restless of modern minds pouring itself into one more huge mold. It is a sign, perhaps, of the times that no mold lasts very long; it certainly is a sign of Mr. Wells that he must redefine almost every year his concept of revolution. He has lost, it seems, a great deal of his faith in the multitude; his emphasis now is upon the few who are capable of bringing about a revolution rather than upon the many who will simply stand alongside and perhaps join in the loud crying. His asperity has grown; his capacity for hatred has come to flower. And still he wants his revolution. The definition of it which we shall find in the novel when it comes to America should be interesting.

EMILY HOBHOUSE is dead. Her relation to the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902 was that of Florence Nightingale to the Crimean War. South Africa will never forget her work in the concentration camps, where Boer women and children, driven thither after their homes had been burned and their provisions looted, died like flies. In Brandfort the monthly death-rate for children multiplied by twelve reached the ghastly figure of 1,918 per 1,000, and in Bloemfontein the monthly death-rate for women similarly multiplied produced an annual figure of 1,554 per 1,000. Miss Hobhouse did what she could to remedy conditions, faced the wrath of a war-drunken England, and dared to publish the facts. There are farms in the Transvaal, in the northern Cape Colony, and in the Orange Free State where the mention of her name is still accompanied by a reverent raising of the hat.

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Germany Enters the League

EIGHT years after the Armistice Germany has at last gone through the formal ceremony of readoption into the family of nations. She has been admitted to permanent membership in the Council of the League of Nations, along with Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan. By that act she, who was forced by browbeating ultimatums to sign the false Peace of Versailles and the subsequent series of impossible agreements, is recognized as an equal by the Great Powers of the world. Europe and the League grow in moral stature as a result.

Diplomacy had to turn somersaults and diplomats to pen miracles of compromise clauses in order to achieve this result, and the details of the process of admission were still unsettled when this issue of *The Nation* went to press. Apparently the total membership of the Council is to be increased from eleven to fourteen. Five seats will be permanently assigned to the "Great Powers"; the other nine members will be elected in batches of three, for three-year terms; three—and only three—of the nine may, by a two-thirds vote of the Assembly, be declared eligible for re-election. The scheme was to provide reeligibility as a sop for Brazil, Spain, and Poland, the three hold-up nations which in March dissolved the pleasant haze of the "Locarno spirit" by demanding permanent seats or nothing. Brazil, however, sulkily retired from the League after the March fiasco, and Spain in early September withdrew her delegates from Geneva following the failure of her spectacular attempt to blackmail France and England into giving her a free hand in Tangier in return for good behavior in the League. (What effect Spain's even more recent dabbling in military revolution will have on her international fortunes remains to be seen.) These two may, as a result of their diplomatic pettishness, lose even their semi-permanent seats.

Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister, and Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, although largely responsible for the failures of March, deserve high praise—along with Lord Robert Cecil, who "found the formula"—for standing firm through the midsummer and rescuing the tossing craft of the League. Had Germany not been admitted on fair terms in this recent attempt the League might as well have dissolved. These two men, representing the greatest Powers of the old world, had it in their hands to crush the League or keep it. In the end, they kept it. They risked the secession of three nations, two of them closely allied to their own countries, but they kept the League. Yet in so doing, they revealed again the fragile nature of this over-praised and over-feared world-state. The fateful decisions were not made in the council-halls of Geneva, but in the tete-a-tetes of the foreign ministers of France and England. The revelation is significant; it should not be forgotten.

There were hints, before the League sessions, of a Mediterranean block, which was to threaten Franco-British hegemony. But Mussolini, while he can bluster safely at home, lacks allies abroad, and his imperial ambitions have no lure for Spain. The much-heralded Italian-Spanish treaty was forgotten the moment Spain suggested that Tangier, where Italy has a shadowy claim, be made exclusively Spanish. Will Germany, as a permanent member of the League Council, provide the balance-wheel which Europe needs and offset Franco-British hegemony? That, too, remains to be seen, and one of the most interesting tests will come in the work of the Mandates Commission.

In European affairs the League has functioned with a measure of success. It abdicated in Vilna, twirled its thumbs in the Sarre, and stultified itself at Corfu, but in a dozen minor disputes it has provided a machinery of reconciliation, and it has been a serviceable clearing-house of miscellaneous information. Its conception, however, was more grandiose. It was to be the carrier of the world's conscience. It was to provide machinery by which the backward people of the earth—in particular, the inhabitants of the former German and Turkish colonies—could be led gently into the sweetness and light of modern civilization. Now, there were a few small nations which took that ideal seriously. And the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League has, in fact, provided a sounding-board for colonial protestants—patriots, we called them in 1776—which did not previously exist. But the rules of the game made the sounding-board feeble. Protests could be received from anybody, but they must be transmitted to the mandataries, the objects of the protest, for comment before report was made; the protestants could not be heard in person; and as a result, the protest was always smothered.

In the midst of the hullabaloo about Spain and Poland and Brazil and Germany the Permanent Mandates Commission came forward with a modest request. It did not get much space in the papers, but, in view of the fact that the French, as agents of the League's good-will, have been massacring Syrian men, women, and children for months, it deserved it. The Permanent Mandates Commission asked that it be permitted to hear witnesses in person. Austen Chamberlain frowned at it through his monocle, and said "No." Aristide Briand smiled and said "No." Belgium and South Africa, which also administer former German colonies as mandataries, also said "No." Japan discreetly did not speak. But therein was revealed the essential, fundamental canker in the League's soul. It was born as an ideal perverted to serve Versailles imperialism and it has never recovered from that stigma. The little nations of Europe have valiantly striven to convert it toward the ideal, the admission of Germany marks an appreciable step in that direction; but the canker remains.

What the League does about its Mandates Commission, then, will indicate the direction of its evolution. Will it turn backward and make of itself a comfortable machine by which the Great Powers of Western Europe regulate Europe and their imperial world? Or will the pressure of the war-time neutrals, which have been the real heroes of every session of the League, make of this mandate system a real improvement over the ancient brutalities of colonial administration?

In two other respects the League marks its own provincialism. It is an organ of the Western World, and the representation accorded Asia is trifling. China, which includes a quarter of the human race, was not accorded the courtesy, in the scramble for seats, that was granted Poland. And, most important of all, the League still, and of its own will, excludes Soviet Russia.

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Dunning China

CHINA has virtually no government at all, and has difficulty in financing what little government she has. The near-Government of Peking, casting about for possible sources of revenue, recently noted that the so-called Ninth Year Domestic Loan would be extinguished in 1927, and that consequently the interest hitherto paid on it each year out of the customs receipts would be available as security for a new loan. Accordingly arrangements were made to float such a new loan with Chinese bankers, and there were great rejoicings in the bosoms of the teachers and other civil servants who have long gone without salaries.

Enter Uncle Sam! On August 25 the United States Minister, Mr. MacMurray, acting as a sort of errand-boy for the international bankers of the entire world (the British and French and other governments let him take the odium by delivering his note first, then followed with similar missives), informed the Ministry of Foreign Affairs that he had learned of the loan proposals, adding that in these circumstances

> the Legation finds it necessary to remind the Chinese authorities once again of the unfulfilled liabilities in respect of the arrears of service of the Chinese governmental obligations due to American citizens and companies. The list is long and should be well known. It includes the Hukuang Railway loan; also loans made by the Continental Trust and Savings Bank, the Pacific Development Corporation, the Riggs National Bank, and Munsey Trust Company.
>
> Other accounts which are entirely in arrears are also due to the following American creditors: American International Corporation; American Locomotive Company; American Metals Company; American Trading Company; Anderson, Mayer and Co., Ltd.; Ault and Wiborg China Co.; Baldwin Locomotive Works; China-America Trading Co.; China Electric Co.; Fearon, Daniel and Co.; Fowler and Co.; W. W. Fraser and Co.; General American Car Co.; Robert Dollar Co.; United States Steel Products Co.; Wilkinson and Co.

After stating that compensation is also due many other American firms for looting outrages committed by military and bandits, Mr. MacMurray continued:

> The Legation would also remind the Chinese authorities that under the terms of the agreements for many of the American obligations the Chinese Government engaged, in the event of a pledge becoming ineffective, to provide from other sources the sums necessary for payment of principal and interest. The Legation must therefore point out to the Chinese authorities that these debts to American citizens and organizations are thus entitled to an automatic priority over debts subsequently contracted respecting the use of any customs surplus funds which may become available as a result of the retirement of loans hitherto secured on customs revenues.

What does this verbiage mean? It means that the United States is informing the faltering Chinese Government that as fast as it discovers any possible new sources of revenue with which to support its feeble existence the American Government, associated with the governments of the other creditor nations, will insist that it turn over those resources to pay the debts owed to the firm of J. P. Morgan and Co., holders of Hukuang bonds, the American International Corporation, and the rest of the long list. It amounts to saying to China:

> Let your teachers starve, close your schools, abandon your attempts at flood control; let your ancient palaces and temples rot for lack of care; close your law courts and abandon your prisons; give up your embassies and ministries in foreign countries—all the revenue which can be squeezed out of your country is due to us, and you must pay us first, before you indulge in these luxuries. You have signed the bonds, and we demand the letter of the law.

The Chinese are past masters of diplomatic evasion, and they will not reply defiantly, but it is hardly possible that they will accept such a humiliating doctrine. The loans may all have been valid loans, made in good faith, but in this chaotic period of gestation in which a new China is being born many foreign loans will have to go, for a time at least, unpaid. No Chinese Government can accept the Powers' demands. Either the Powers, America leading, have made fools of themselves once again by demanding what they know they will not get, or they must enforce their demands with their gunboats. Since the customs are collected under foreign supervision, in the coast ports, it is still possible for the foreign Powers to maintain control of these essential revenues. But for how long? Can anyone, recalling that Canton has boycotted British goods now for more than a year, recalling the Boxer outbreak of violent anti-foreignism in 1900 and the sudden outburst of nationalist passion in the summer of 1925, think that the Powers can in the long run succeed in such a policy?

Cleaning House Among the Miners

FRANK FARRINGTON, for twelve years president of the Illinois district of the United Mine Workers, has gone over to the employers. Exposed by President John L. Lewis of the union, he was suspended from office for signing a contract to become "labor counsel" for Illinois's largest coal company at a salary of $25,000 a year. When the exposure came Farrington was in Europe, sent by the American Federation of Labor to unveil a memorial room to Samuel Gompers at Geneva and to act as delegate at the British Trades Union Congress. Thus passes from the labor world a picturesque and all-too-typical figure. Frank Farrington started life in an Illinois coal mine at the age of nine and never went to school. He was a bold fighter, a shrewd political manipulator, a powerful orator—and he was for sale.

Purity in labor leadership would be surprising in the State of Herrin and Frank Smith; Farrington played the Illinois game in the Illinois manner. He rewarded his friends and crushed his enemies, if not by fair means then by foul. His lieutenants were notoriously crooked. Elections were bought and sold, fake ballots were manufactured, expense accounts became a scandal. The left wing of the union under Communist influence was not spotless and certainly not always wise, but its case against the union machine was excellent. The fight between the union factions culminated in the case of the Zeigler miners.

Zeigler is a little mining town in the south of Illinois ten miles from Herrin, an imperfect blending of Klansmen, Lithuanians, Poles, bootleggers, gun-toters, and representatives of the absentee mine-owners. It is the center of some of the world's largest mines. Behind the clouded windows of half-a-hundred empty stores booze is sold as brazenly as

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in New Jersey—and girls are upstairs. Elections are marvels of financial mathematics; everything is allowable so long as the "squeeze" of 25 per cent is forthcoming. The story of the organization of the miners in this district has been an epic of machine guns.

Zeigler has been a center of anti-Farrington strength. Headed by Henry Corbishley, the left wing captured the union local, elected Corbishley local president, and would have elected him sub-district president in an honest election. The quarrel within the union came to a head when a Farrington official, D. B. Cobb, appeared at a Zeigler meeting and announced the removal of the local officers for calling a "wild-cat strike." Technically Cobb was right, but in the eyes of the Zeigler miners he was a usurper kept in power by the Farrington machine. The meeting was adjourned in an uproar and a free-for-all fight resulted in the death of one left-wing miner and the beating up of Cobb. The whole strength of the Farrington machine was immediately thrown behind the prosecution of the rebels. No one was indicted for killing the left-wing miner, but twenty miners, mostly of foreign birth, were rounded up and accused of pummeling Cobb. Eight of them were convicted by an all-American farmer jury, and seven, including Corbishley, are now under sentence of from one to fourteen years in the Illinois penitentiary for assault with intent to murder. Their appeal comes before the Illinois Supreme Court in November—if they can raise the necessary funds. While some of these left-wing miners are probably guilty of assault, the case against their leaders has all the earmarks of a frame-up.

Behind the Farrington scandal and the Zeigler prosecution are certain ugly questions that miners in all parts of the country are asking. How did John L. Lewis get possession of the contract between Farrington and the Peabody Coal Company which resulted in the ousting of Farrington? Did the mine-owners buy up Farrington and then expose him in order to get rid of him? If so, why? Can it be that they prefer Lewis to Farrington in the coming fight in the coal fields? Certainly Farrington is not worth $25,000 to any coal company as a "labor counsel." And a comparison of the administrative record of Farrington and Lewis is in favor of Farrington. Farrington at least kept his district solidly unionized and he was effective in winning wage increases for the miners. The *Illinois Miner* under the direction of Oscar Ameringer has been an exceptionally good labor weekly, but it is now in danger of destruction by Lewis because it has occasionally criticized him. Lewis's record as international president has been marked by badly conducted strikes, the complete destruction of the union in West Virginia and Kentucky, and indifference to the nationalization program. The national membership has fallen below 300,000, and many of the districts are shadow organizations. It is not surprising that some of the mine-owners want Lewis reelected and want his candidate Sneed to replace Farrington.

The approaching crisis of April, 1927, when the Jacksonville agreement, which established the present union scale in the union soft-coal fields, expires, will demand a cleaner and finer leadership than the present administration of the United Mine Workers has shown. There is need of plain speaking by all those who honor the mine workers and believe in their union. The non-union coal fields are expanding; the operators will welcome a strike; trumpet-tongued platitudes will not save the situation. The only hope seems to lie in the fight of John Brophy, president of District No. 2 of the union, for Lewis's position. His progressive platform and his personal integrity are worthy of the brave men who made the miners' union great. He is determined to clean house in the union.

Who's What?

ONE hardly looks for either wit or style in "Who's Who." Even though the notices are generally written by the subject himself they are usually as impersonal as a tombstone. Mr. A. A. Milne is no less grave than Dean Inge himself. Max Beerbohm as devoid of wit as a London Lord Mayor. Moreover the most famous are not necessarily the most communicative. Your American, accustomed to measure fame by inches of free publicity, is rather inclined to detail his distinctions at full length, so that Nicholas Murray Butler, for example, informs an eager world just when and where he received each of the twenty-four honorary degrees whose symbols decorate his name and gives accurate information besides concerning the eight decorations he is entitled to wear and the fifteen societies of which he is a member. Your Britisher, on the other hand, led by an instinct of reserve which inclines him to regard all biography as essentially indecent, is likely to stop with the titles of his works and a few dates. In general, "Who's Who" is not exciting reading.

There are signs, however, that the younger generation is going to change all that. Perhaps Shaw started it when he inserted "Recreations: anything but sport," and certainly he was followed by Ezra Pound who put "the public taste" in the same place. It remained, however, for the exuberant young Sitwells to go further in this as in various other directions than anyone else. Apparently they inherited the tendency from their father, Sir George, who dares to boast in a socialistic age that he "owns about 6,000 acres" and records "captured a spirit at the headquarters of the Spiritualists, London, 1880." Edith and Sacheverell are still more chatty. Under "Education" the former records "in early youth took an intense dislike to simplicity, morris dancing, a sense of humor, and every form of sport except reviewer-baiting; and has continued these distastes ever since." The latter, after mentioning that he attended both Eton and Oxford, adds with unobtrusive bitterness "mainly self-educated" and then continues:

> Has traveled extensively in search of civilization; visited Fiume to see D'Annunzio, Dec., 1920; in early life avoided games and sought work; now tends more and more to avoid work and seek recreation; has intense interest in the arts. Recreations: catching that rara avis the London motor-omnibus, listening-in, and Mr. J. C. Squire. Telegraphic Address: Sitwellismus, London.

Incidentally, neither gives the date of his birth, although Sacheverell permits himself to confide coyly that he was born "towards 1900."

What grave compilers think of such flippancy we are not prepared to say—we are not even sure they know a joke when they see it—but we are inclined to suspect that a hatred for Mr. Squire is more significant than President Butler's possession of a "Grand Cross, Order of St. Sava, 1st Class (Serbia)." Why should "Who's Who" not become "Celebrities Self Revealed"?

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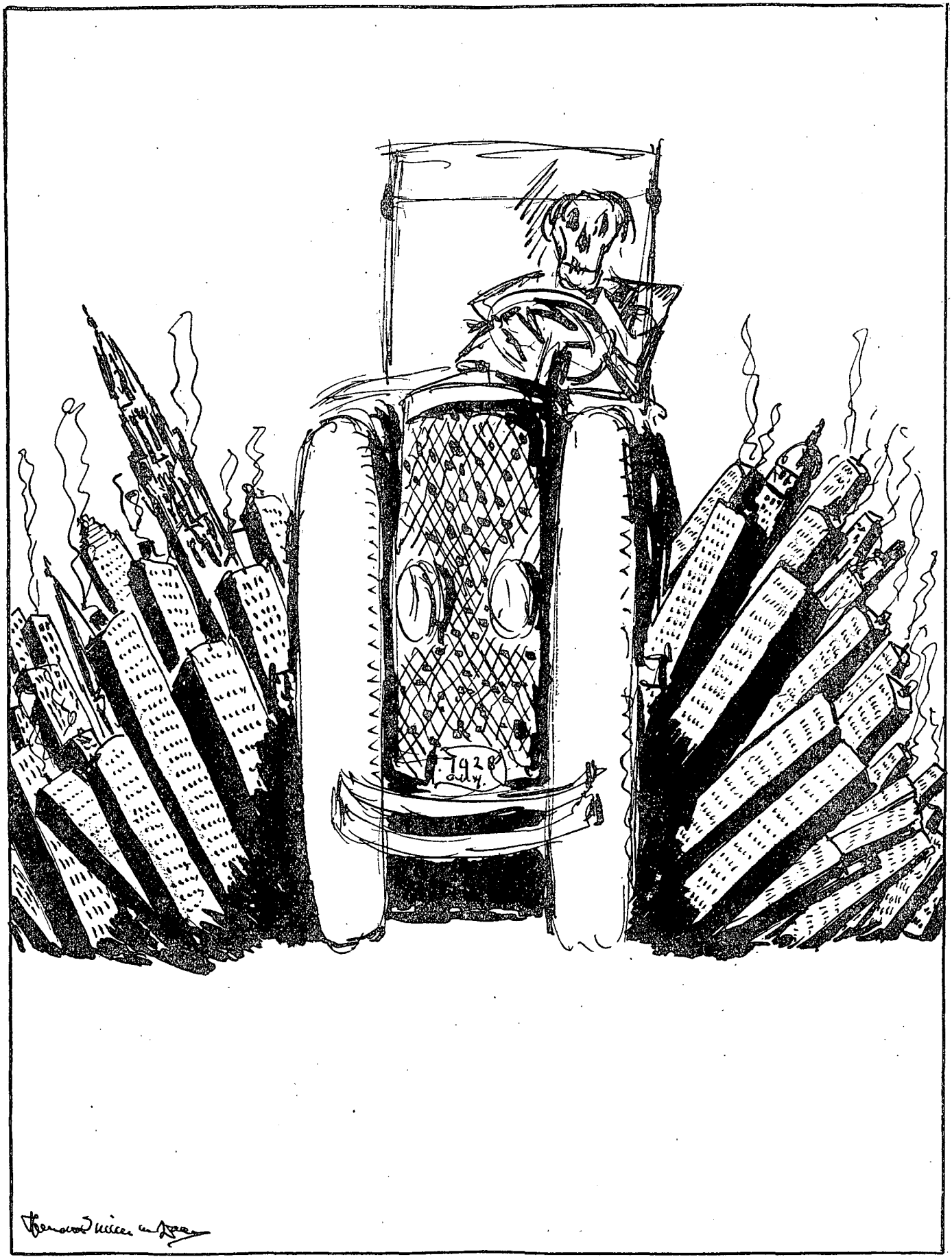

Modern Traffic

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"I Believe in Free Speech, But—"

By HARBOR ALLEN

IN the name of American traditions no State outside of California is today doing more to suppress American traditions than is Massachusetts. Ex-Mayor Curley of Boston began the pastime of suppression by closing Ku Klux Klan halls on the pretext that fire, health, or building regulations had not been complied with. Brockton took the next step by arresting Anthony Bimba, a Lithuanian editor from Brooklyn, on charges of sedition and blasphemy. The latter charge, based on a Puritan law 229 years old, sent reporters scurrying to Brockton for feature stories and put Anthony Bimba on the front page of metropolitan dailies. On the eve of Bimba's trial in February, a meeting of protest was planned in Boston. The Mayor ordered that no licensed hall in the city be permitted to open its doors to a meeting in sympathy with Bimba. Hall owners who defied his edict were threatened with revocation of licenses. A few days later Scott Nearing was forbidden to speak on the recognition of Russia because City Hall officials feared "the gathering might develop into a meeting of Bimba sympathizers."

A group of prominent citizens, annoyed by the continuance under Mayor Nichols of a policy instituted by Mayor Curley, protested in a vigorous letter against interference with constitutional rights:

> Within the past few years a practice has grown up among city officials of preventing proposed public meetings in Boston, which, because of their supposed purpose or their sponsors, have not met with official approval. . . . We had assumed that when you became mayor this arbitrary interference with free speech and free assemblage would cease. We have therefore been surprised and disturbed that, during your recent absence in New York City, other cases of interference with public meetings have occurred.
>
> None of us who present this matter to you are doing so because of any special interest in common with those who have been injured by action of the city. We are, however, greatly interested in the maintenance of our constitutional rights of free speech and we are deeply concerned over the arbitrary actions of city officials. . . . To prevent meetings by such methods as threatening hall owners or by deliberately hunting for technical violations of the building code, is neither fair nor straightforward and does great injury to the reputation of the city. We appeal to you as mayor of Boston to place yourself on record as opposed to any further interference by city officials with the right of free speech and free assemblage.

The signers waited a month in vain for a letter from the Mayor. One of them eventually called at the City Hall and was told that the Mayor would "shortly reply." Meanwhile, grown impatient, the American Civil Liberties Union and a committee of citizens rented an auditorium and planned, in defiance of the officials, to hold a free-speech test meeting on May 17, inviting Bimba as one of the speakers. A Constitutional Rights Committee was appointed and applied to the Old South Association for the use of the historic church as the scene of another protest. In the midst of this deliberation came the Mayor's long belated reply.

And what did the Mayor say? "I believe in free speech, but—" The Mayor hardly considered the Old South Meeting Hall a nice place in which to "start a row." In short, he declared that he would continue the policy of ex-Mayor Curley.

Despite this dictum, however, the Old South Meeting House Association decided to hold a free-speech meeting of its own. Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School, Dr. Samuel M. Crothers, and others spoke, and all of them gave the Mayor his due. "Bulldozer," "a worse tyrant than George III," "George III never dared tell people where they could meet and what they could say," "administrative lawlessness"; these were phrases hurled at the Mayor and his actions. Though some of the dust in Boston has been laid by this refreshing shower, the question of free speech is not yet solved. Mayor Nichols still holds the City Hall fortresses and the threat of revoked licenses still hovers over the heads of unwary hall-owners.

Three young Portuguese in Fall River have meanwhile become the center of another free-speech controversy. Diamintino Texeira, Antonio Perreira, and Antonio da Costa are philosophical anarchists. In a Portuguese periodical, circulated among the Portuguese workers of Fall River, they have been attacking the corruption of the church and the state. Arrested on the complaint of more orthodox compatriots of the community, they were charged first with blasphemy and sedition, later with violating the Volstead Act. Both charges failed to hold water, and the three men were turned over to immigration officials. They are now, according to Fall River papers, awaiting deportation "for publishing a radical magazine."

To protest this bit of high-handed procedure, the International Labor Defense sent up its Boston representative to arrange a defense meeting. When, together with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana of Cambridge, a grandson of the poet, he arrived at the hall, he found the lights out, the doors barred, and several burly policemen on guard. "See the chief," advised the guardians of the law. "He'll give you the dope." A spirited argument between Chief of Police Martin Feeney and Professor Dana followed. No sir, the chief would allow no such meeting. He knew these radicals. They would criticize the authorities. He would have a tough job "clearing out the hall"—as he had had on previous occasions. Besides "they don't allow meetings like that in other States"—witness New Jersey. There was no meeting that night.

The American Civil Liberties Union has now joined hands with the International Labor Defense in arranging a test meeting in Fall River. Hard on the heels of this announcement comes an amazing new development. "Police ban meetings in Fall River?" Chief Feeney has declared "No such thing!" The hall, he explains, was locked when the speakers arrived "because the rental had been revoked." Having "no official business with the American Civil Liberties Union," he refuses to comment upon the telegrams of protest sent to him by the union.

At Lawrence petitions from the United Front Committee of Textile Workers for permits to hold open-air meetings were refused by City Marshal O'Brien and Director of Safety Carr. No reason was given. The United Front

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Committee felt that it had been unjustly treated, especially since "numerous panhandlers, fakers, and Indian patent-medicine vendors" had been seen "using the streets regularly without molestation." It was charged that the meetings were prohibited by the police because Lawrence mill owners are opposed to the spread of left-wing unionism among the workers.

Again the American Civil Liberties Union sent Professor Dana to aid in the staging of a test meeting. The first speaker, Fred Beal, secretary of the United Front Committee, was arrested as he stepped from the platform. Professor Dana, who read the Declaration of Independence and commented on free speech, was detained by police, and alternately threatened with arrest and ordered to leave town. "Do you want to be arrested?" he was asked. "I don't want to be arrested, but I insist that the same treatment be accorded all the speakers," he replied. Eventually he was released on the promise that he would appear in court should he be summoned. Mr. Beal was fined $20 for "disturbing the peace and violating a city ordinance." "I have always thought," said District Judge Jeremiah J. Mahoney, as he imposed sentence, "that we had a reasonable amount of liberty in this country. I find that we have much more here than they have abroad." Mr. Beal's case has been appealed.

"A reasonable amount of liberty." In other words, the new American tradition: "I believe in free speech, but—" Have faith in Massachusetts!

Baron Banana in Puerto Barrios

By CARLETON BEALS

ALL night long the little two-masted schooner of Don Francisco Beltran ran before the stiff breeze and scattering rain from Puerto Cortez in Honduras to Puerto Barrios in Guatemala—banana ports of the terrifically hot northern coast of Central America. Late the previous afternoon I had scrambled across the female- and parrot-littered deck of a tramp Mexican steamer loaded with mules, and dropped down upon the low-lying deck of Don Francisco's schooner—La Esperanza. At the orders of the willowy blond English captain—"from the Islands"—the "standing Mutt and Flying Jeff" were hoisted, and we tacked away from the low dirty shore of Puerto Cortez, feif of the Standard Fruit Company of New Orleans. We stood near the steering-wheel getting acquainted, three of us, ducking the sweep of the main-sail boom: I, Don Francisco (or, as he soon became, Don Pancho), and Dona Isabela, my fellow traveler, a lean, tawny, middle-aged Guatemalan woman addicted to corn-husk cigarettes and gold-circle earrings. The heat-dancing shore, shacks, warehouses, silvered sands fell away into haze; the waves spanked against the prow; a shark's fin sliced through the water. Night fell swift and cool; the "nigger" was lit in the wheel-box; phosphorescence quivered through the black waters; and I lay down on a piece of sail-cloth to stare up at the dagger-like tropic stars until the rain drove me down into the stuffy cabin where sprawled four nondescript barefoot sailors, Don Pancho, and Dona Isabela. I finally went to sleep, water from the deck dripping near my left ear, and an occasional gigantic cockroach scuttling over my neck.

Rose and mauve dawn on the beautiful Amatique Gulf. And then the sun, snarling like a yellow dragon over the Espiritu Santo Mountains. While we rode at anchor near the United Fruit Company pier, waiting for the port officials to let us go ashore, Don Pancho bewailed the evils of the lands where fate had cast him. Above all he damned the people, the base mixing of Indian, Negro, and Spanish blood ruining Honduras, the same thing now coming to pass in the banana country of Guatemala, the sad day coming when Central America would be entirely Hispanic-African. He ended his tirade with the typical Spanish vainglorious boasting of the prowess of his own pure race, from the days when the intrepid Pedro Alvarado had brought culture at the point of the sword to the highlands of Guatemala, down to the present time when he himself drove his schooner in the teeth of tropic typhoons with petty cargoes of maize and sisal and fruit all the way from Colon to the Bahamas. His courage and dignity and self-discipline never for a single moment would he slacken to the easy-going standards of the half-breed lands he despised yet exploited.

Puerto Barrios and its inhabitants accounted for his sentiments of superiority. Here are all the unmasked crudities of the feverish race of modern times to wrench forth raw materials. In Puerto Barrios Baron Banana rules supreme; and he rules rough-shod with little regard for the beauty or happiness of his people. Although to the initiated Baron Banana goes by the aristocratic cognomen of Musa sapientum, and President Orellana calls him Guatemala's Golden Prince, he is the most plebeian of the whole family of *platanos*. The Spanish, with satiric flair, have given him the phallic label "Fig of Adam." But abroad, in the United States, Baron Banana struts in fine attire. Fruit salads at banquets, banana splits in small-town confectioners' shops, banana brandy for jaded Village flappers, dances to the tune of "Yes, we have no bananas," proclaim the importance that this single tropic fruit has acquired in the diet and imagination of the United States. Bananas, and more bananas! The United Fruit Company and its lesser competitors can hardly keep pace. Their engineers go slashing through the jungles; their railroads reach out iron fingers; their smallpox-yellow clapboard buildings, hotels, bunkhouses, stores, offices, hospitals, warehouses spring up like monstrous fungi beside a hundred streams and marshes, in the heart of mangrove forests, and on a dozen lowering shores. The big green stems of fruit are cut from the trees, loaded on to mattresses in the open cars, and run down to a dozen ports, banana fronds dragging and rustling over the sleepers of the track. Down to Puerto Barrios, which on the older maps is not even mentioned.

Puerto Barrios, boom banana port, epitomizes the haste and cruelty and bleeding rawness of the process. Back in the jungles the drive and jangle of the banana industry shrink in the face of vegetation so vast. The constant

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nerve-racking struggle to push back the monstrous tangled trees, to clear out the jungles with their reeking perfumes, poisonous insects, dangerous beasts, terrible fevers—this struggle is tragic yet puny in its relative inadequacy. But in Puerto Barrios the conglomerate ugliness of raw-product exploitation is spewed forth into the torrid sunlight. Here the smallpox-yellow buildings are not overshadowed by the jungle. They squat brazenly on the golden sands by the blue, brooding ocean.

We felt on that first morning, when we left La Esperanza and the immigration, customs, and police officials behind us, and straggled through the blazing heat to find refuge on the wide piazzas of Captain Grace's Hotel, that the Government of Guatemala had suddenly ceased to exist. Baron Banana was in control, ordering his reefers in the train-yards, overseeing the typewriters clicking in the smallpox-yellow buildings, accepting company *fichas* in the stores. The only open evidence of President Orellana's interest in Baron Banana's exportation of "yellow gold" was the dilapidated blue barracks in the rear of the town whence at intervals came the snarl of bugles and drums whose rhythm and melody repeatedly broke down into Indian surliness.

Yes, Puerto Barrios is an achievement in ugliness in a natural setting of beauty. Puerto Barrios is the only place I know where people put water-closets in their front yards. In the cool of the day I often wandered out through the hodgepodge town, built on a pestiferous marsh reeking with spilled petroleum, out along the twisted paths where are massed in utter promiscuity the blue and yellow shacks of Negroes and Indians and Chinese. Boards and gunny-sacking, banana and palm leaves, river cane, sheet-iron, and rags have gone into the making. Picking my way through the slime and excrement and swarms of naked, mud-smeared children—white, yellow, black; kinky-haired, straight-haired, curly-haired; round-eyed, pig-eyed, slant-eyed—I came out on the walk fronting the foot-high break-water, and there saw the curve of the shore and the line of tall taut cocoanut palms broken by an interminable row of spider-leg piers stretching out to cubbyhole closets set about four feet above high tide. This is Puerto Barrios' highest word in aesthetics!

Here human life swarms without apparent meaning. Yet not without song, not without color. A group thumping the marimba. A half-dressed couple behind a slide window dancing the rumba. A Gargantuan Negro pair, enormously paunched; he in white spats, patent leather, waistcoat, and derby hat; she in white satin and carrying a pink sunshade. In a corner under a mango tree, a Belitzian weaving a fish trap out of river cane—"don't be so good this here, sah, as bamboo, but c'n catch any fish mahn a pound. Some weeks ah makes goin' on fifteen quid, yas sah." At a turn a Chinese, shirt-tail out, staring forlornly at the sea beyond the toilet. And here, crossing the foot-bridge of a little creek, shaded by bread-fruit trees—which help make life not too onerous—the town broke down into Indian *xacales* with thatched roofs. In this rag-tail port Baron Banana has dumped the lost sons of five continents, made them his groveling subjects—that banana splits may be. Here are great Negroes from Jamaica, never looking for a job, but a "position" or "emplawment"; mysterious Orientals smoking long pipes; alert Japanese; white girls, ex-prostitutes or dopes, now content to marry the trash of the world; broken beachcombers and vagabonds; the taciturn Indians from the highlands; sailors of every breed, within and without the law. Marimbas quiver through the hot night air; piano-players rattle jazz in the cantinas and gambling joints; a hundred cast-offs carouse with black women, who laugh coarsely, flaunting ample breasts and fat hips.

From Puerto Barrios I rode second class up to Quirigua, jammed in with sweating humanity—vast families sprawling over the backless wooden benches. Bananas travel on fiber mattresses; men and women travel on boards or lie like pigs on the filthy floor and swelter at a dozen stations while the train loads bananas.

Quirigua is a shop center for the banana company. More smallpox-yellow houses above long sweeping green lawns. A concrete hospital managed by a malaria specialist. Not a room was vacant in the company hotel, run by a grumpy Catholic priest. At the hospital, too, I was told "Full up, come back at ten and if no one is dragged in with a broken head before then I'll chance putting you up in Number 4, our emergency room." It was suggested I try the next village, Los Amates. So I toiled through the sun for two and a half miles along the tracks running through the jungles and the plantations. Los Amates is a straggling thatched-roof Indian pueblo with more smallpox-yellow on the company store. But no place to sleep except in the two "houses," the most pretentious clapboard edifices in the town (also painted smallpox yellow), where the employees of the company on Saturday nights bestow money and maudlin caresses on mulatto and Indian girls—more toll of the tropics and the frontier. I was forced to sleep that night in a chair on the porch of the company hotel. Accommodations can't keep pace with company expansion.

The next morning I caught the first banana train out past the Quirigua ruins—one of the most notable remnants of Maya-Quiche culture along with the destroyed cities of Copwan and Palemke, Chitzen Itza, Uxmal, Mayapan, and a hundred others scattered from Yucatan and Campeche down through Chiapas and Guatemala to Honduras. Dropping from the reefer, I avoided the usual traveled path and cut straight through the banana fields, steaming with the odor of over-ripe fruit, to a half obliterated track through the jungle by the side of a tiny stream gurgling invisible beneath mammoth leaves. Lizards, insects, snakes started from under my feet. Macaws and parakeets screamed from the depths. Overhead was a solid lacing of branches and vines, enormous cedars, zapotes, cacaos, rubber-trees with fluted trunks, dragon trees. From the branches streamed long parasites of brilliant hues. In every cleft of branch and trunk crowded myriads of scarlet and yellow plants. From the super-moist vegetation came long wisps of steam, sucked forth by the terrific heat. Nauseating perfumes were wafted over me in waves. I hurried on to the small Lagoon of the Idols, the scene, perhaps, of ancient ablutions, rituals, and sacrifices, and reached a wide space reclaimed from the wilderness.

Quirigua is not so obviously impressive as the ruins of Teotihuacan, Mitla, or Chitzen Itza, yet this open space between prominent shattered platforms with lofty carved monoliths standing in gigantesque solemnity retains the atmosphere of ancient grandeur. I found little difficulty in recreating pictures of the ancient pageants and ceremonies, the great processions of nobles and sacerdotes

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wearing robes woven of the emerald and red feathers of the quetzal, that glorious bird, now emblem of the Guatemalan people, that in the beginning, after the great flood, sprang forth as a symbol of power and beauty—"a flying water lily"—from the crest of a mammoth guayacan tree.

The old stones of Quirigua tell of the ancient emotional and intellectual striving after god and the mysteries, the seeking for Nirvana. The faces depicted on the various columns and monoliths, though of diverse types, reveal strength, nobility, even brutal will. Here is one: flat, bold forehead; flat, broad nose; large, round, protruding eyes; square ears; massive, protruding lower lip; aesthetically, a simplicity of representation, a calm, almost bitter realism, set off by the grotesque background and formalized carvings of toads, lizards, and tigers.

I found myself rushing from stone to stone in a fever of discovery, from the great frightening turtle to the legless, handless woman; to the huge stone twelve feet in diameter, with its snarling tiger and fringe of six emblematic figures above a base of small circles. I hurried up the platforms over crumbling stairs. The old teocalli have fallen; the old thrones have vanished; there remain but broken fragments, mysterious niches, carved lintels, great door-slabs. Descending ancient steps, I became absorbed in a representation of human fertility, a woman with features more delicate, nose thinner, ears not square but formed by three concentric circles; and all about her the engraving of the beautiful leaves of the conte. Capably she supports a child by a single thumb and stares forth with the same calm command that the artist gave her two thousand years before.

But my haste had been injudicious. I suddenly discovered myself on the verge of sunstroke. I managed to get to shade and in my need for air ripped off my shirt, heedless of the myriad insects. Not a leaf moved; the sun blazed and shimmered; I lay there unable even to lift my hand to fan myself with my sun-helmet. Supreme admiration welled in me then for those young engineers of the United Fruit Company who carry their surveying outfits under the beating sun and hack their way foot by foot through marsh and jungle defying venomous animals and dangerous diseases; an admiration for the genius that drove railroads through such a country of fever and heat. Likewise, a supreme admiration for those older carvers of stone who cleared this site beside the Motagua River and cast up these symbols of power and hope. In easy stages I again crossed the open field past the tall monoliths toward the banana railroad, stopping to rest once where some person better acclimated than myself had built a palm-leaf shelter on high ground away from the jungle and its reptiles. And so I left the capital of an ancient empire behind me. A gasoline motor hurled me back to the smallpox-yellow town of Quirigua where the newer Baron Banana lords it over a newer empire, riding his iron steed of modern progress, breaking the jungle with his iron fingers.

Land of the Free

By ARTHUR GLEASON

[*The following story by Arthur Gleason provides a vivid commentary on the glimpses of his life by Helen Hayes Gleason, printed in issues of* The Nation *for August 4, 18, and September 1. The Land of the Free has not been previously published.*]

WHEN Miriam McAllister flashed into Caronia I knew there would be trouble. That head of red hair and gift of bold speech were a plume and an ensign round which the industrial battle rocked. And that night in Caronia she stood over the smoky torches on the tail-piece of the wagon and spoke the words that condemned her. Fifteen thousand workers of Caronia were out on strike. Orators at a dozen corners were barking in the raucous street voice which at a little distance sounds like the cry of a wild creature in the night. But the mightiest crowd of all—five thousand persons at least, men said—was gathered round the cart where Miriam McAllister stood on high over the torches and the shouting. She was bareheaded as always when she spoke to the people. Her deep far-carrying voice rolled out over the closely packed thousands in the city square. If she had been no speaker at all, the spectacle of her would have drawn a crowd to any cart-box in America. That sun-tanned face, brown as any Indian's; the sturdy body, sturdy and yet slim; the powerful thrust of the right arm in gesture, the great red tie on her breast, symbol of her faith, and, crowning all, that sudden shocking red of the hair, bright in the wind-driven flame of the smelly kerosene torches—these things were a sign that alone would have arrested the attention of idle strangers.

But Miriam McAllister was agitator and speaker, a figure known to the workers of the East. Staunch Scot, descendant of a long line of Covenanters, she had inherited with the pure iron-tinctured blood a logical mind, which demanded a creed of certitude in the drifting world of change. And having found her creed, as a true daughter of her line she was making it prevail. What had been stern Presbyterianism in her ancestors had become "labor" with her. The same immaculate unity held her mind which had been in the tidy strong minds of her forebears for over three centuries. Her statements might leave much of the landscape untouched, but what they aimed at they hit.

Caronia is an American city of the latter-day sort. Thirty nationalities are crowded inside its "Hook"—Ukrainians, Poles, Slovaks, samples from all East Europe. The little gains they had made in wages had come to them because they had rebelled. One more fight, they thought, and perhaps they would cross the line from bitterness to plenty. So the streets swayed with them. This was the third strike in three years. Both sides knew it was final. Special policemen and workers alike had been killed. Months before, the strike had burst into a flame of passion and flame of guns. Then it had waned away and died, but that first flare had slain nine men and crippled half a hundred. A few more months of unrest and the living fire came through again, and seven men were shot dead in the city streets, and fifty more carried bloody marks to their tenement homes. That fierceness, too, had passed for a little time. But now this third and greatest strike of all

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was at its height. And at the moment of crisis, Miriam McAllister had been called to stir the men to fresh hope and long endurance.

It was strange to come to her from the muttering and whispering of the streets, the restless hurried people, the dark night over them. For that last evening in Caronia she was as I had always known her—alone and apart, for all the huddled crowd at her feet, and full of that stillness which long living with nature gives. That final scene of all was for me only the gathering together in sharper focus of a hundred groups and places where I had seen her, and she was always the same—always the free spirit whom it was good for us to know. Why must men trap a free thing?

She was coming to the end of her talk, and I saw the plain-clothes men exchange a nod and begin to elbow themselves toward her platform.

"The bulls are here," shouted a worker at my right.

"Of course they are here," answered Miriam. "They always come to hear me speak. I want them to get this, and I want your masters at the works to get it. We demand an eight-hour day and a living wage. Is there one of them, sitting in their swivel chairs, would send his son to clean a still? Is there one of them would burn his life out in a temperature of 250 degrees? You men are white-haired at forty. You grub the coke out of a hell-hole, while your masters take the air in a motor-car. If what you now get is the best they will give you, the life of a slave and the death of a pauper, pull down the American flag from every pole in Caronia. Until this wrong is righted, you are men without a country, and your flag is the rag of a class, not of free men."

Simultaneously from every part of the throng big broad-shouldered men, the plain-clothes squad and the special deputies, shoved in to the platform. "Here, you, come with us," said their leader, touching Miriam on the shoulder.

A murmuring spread like sudden wind over the crowd. The thousands, moved by one impulse, surged toward the little group in the torchlight. "Kill them," called one and another.

The squad drew their revolvers and faced the crowd. Miriam stepped to the edge of the platform and raised her hand for silence.

"Listen, men," she said, "I'll go with them tonight to the lock-up. I'll be out in the morning. They have nothing on me. Go home. You'll be killed if you fight it. The crowd is planted with their men. Go home."

Her listeners murmured and shuffled. They stood watching and brooding. Then slowly they turned and went home. I waited and saw the group of detectives lead Miriam away to jail.

That night the streets were noisy with drunken men, and they were not the workers of Caronia. A small army was in the city, men sworn in for special police service, and flush of money. They drank and shouted, and in the small of the night a shot rang out on a dark street and one of the drunken official rioters was wounded to death by a revolver bullet.

II

The sun was climbing the sky-line as I came home to New York, full of anxious thought for all that had happened and what must follow. It was useless to try to sleep. Instead, I drew the lounge to the western window where I could look across the river and see the light clouds of the Palisades answer the colors of the East. How often I had wondered at that false dawn in the West, with none of the mounting joy of the morning which it reflected. It was like the evening flush over the same rock hills which I had seen on the day I first met Miriam. My mind went back over the years, and every little thing was clear.

Seven years ago; she was a woman in her young thirties, then. She lived in the upper stretches of the Bronx, where she had bought a small wooden house and two city lots in the earlier days when the Bronx was a mixture of market garden and grazing ground for goats. Shortly after a bitter experience as a girl in the factory a tiny competence was left her by a relative in the old country, and with this she had become a peasant proprietor. She tended her garden, raised chickens, and kept house for a group of working girls. As the years brought the northward push of the New York population, she could have realized a neat sum on her investment. But that would have robbed her of three values better than money. For the little home was in easy reach of the city crowds where she had her work each evening. The place itself gave her the out-door life she craved. And, best of all, it was near the open water. In half an hour she could cycle to Pelham Bay. On the green bank, over the shore, her canoe was locked to the stump of a tree in front of a tiny tent. That was where the real trip began, which she sometimes shared with me.

We paddled north for a bit till we came to "a little and a lone green" island that lay off New Rochelle. No excursions came that way. It was our very own, unbuilt upon, well out in Long Island Sound. We looked across the miles of water to the North Shore of Long Island itself—a thin white line of sand banked with dim green forest growth. Through all the hours of a long summer day we sat in bathing suits and let the sun reach down to bless us. When the water called, we ran to the rocks on the farther edge of the island and dived off into the Sound which, lifted by tides from the Atlantic, is as salt as the sea itself.

Miriam carried a rhythm in her motions. Runners and swimmers have it. She was a swimmer, with a full-reaching overarm stroke. Only years of swimming give that effortless ease, where the motion becomes as natural as walking, a thrusting forward and a recovery, in perfect time with the breathing, which merely comes and goes as when the body lies asleep.

What she communicated to me was not by talk, and in answer to her some inmost inhabitant of me seemed to say, "Why, of course. This is what I have been searching for." Coming through with the tide on gentle water is a companionship with more than friends, for there are no walls of division, and the creature is finally at home in his world. One yields his temperament, that torment of the modern, to the sunshine. For each his way of escape: by mountain-path and jungle trail and the sweet meadows. For me, the path of the waters lying lazy in the sun. And it was Miriam who taught me.

Once as we stood on the rocks looking over to Long Island, Miriam said: "Some day I'm going to swim across. Will you come?"

"I'm afraid it's too far for me," I replied. "It must be all of six miles."

"They tell me it's seven," she answered. "But that's

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only half the real distance. The tide would carry us another seven miles."

"Too far for me," I said, "I'd never make it."

"Perhaps I couldn't," she admitted, "but some day I'm going to try."

That day had never come. Well, there was small chance of its coming this summer, with the affair in Caronia breaking so badly. So I mused as I sat at the window, thinking back over the years of companionship. I knew too well the issues in the Caronia strike to think that Miriam would come off lightly from challenging the concentrated power in that city. I had warned her against going, telling her the fight was outside of her State, the labor forces unorganized, defeat certain. And now the thing had fallen just as I had feared. I knew, too, that this was no street-corner excitement, a journey to police court, a five-dollar fine, and release. Twenty million dollars of American money were mobilized for a grim last fight against "the foreigners" and "the demagogues." And in that fight Miriam had become the lonely outpost leader whom they had overborne and meant to crush.

I still saw her as she stood when they led her away—bareheaded and unafraid in the wind-driven flame of the torches. And then that picture faded in a brighter light, and I saw her as I have so often seen her—bareheaded in the sunshine, alone and happy, driving her canoe up the salt Sound and playing in the water that stretched from our little island to the great island yonder, seven miles away.

III

Events now moved so swiftly and with such hidden power of control that all we who fought for Miriam's liberty were dazed. The bail under which Miriam was detained was placed at an impossible figure, twenty-five thousand dollars. It revealed the atmosphere in which she would be tried. The indictments were rapidly shaped. She was charged with speaking treasonably against the flag and the government and with inciting men to wilful murder. The mysterious death of the drunken deputy was being staged as both the background and the inevitable result of her dangerous activities. Sixteen deaths had come, said her enemies, from the interference of agitators in a peaceful, prosperous working community, and now the seventeenth murder had been committed on the very night of a treasonable speech by a woman demagogue. The newspapers of three States thundered. Justice must be swiftly done and an end made of undesirable citizens and dangerous disturbers. It was expedient that someone should suffer.

It was in that evil temper of the public mind that Miriam came to trial. I had known from the moment she uttered them the words that would condemn her.

Did she or did she not say those words? It came down to that in the judge's mind, or at least in the official judicial department of his mind. There were a dozen state witnesses to testify that she had said those words. For that matter, her own people, the workers, five thousand of them, had heard her say them. It was in vain that her lawyer, the keen Oscar Levitt, perhaps the best brain in the labor movement, pointed out she had said that, but not just that. He urged that the tearing out and segregation of a single sentence would condemn every revolutionary from Kropotkin to Walt Whitman to penal servitude.

"And a good job, too," muttered the public prosecutor.

"Why, even the blameless reactionaries of the Union Club would qualify for Atlanta," Levitt went on, "if you chopped up their thought, in the rare moments when they think."

Miriam had asked that she be permitted to make a statement. The prison pallor had somehow struck through even her deep brown color. Her face was weary and grave, and her eyes were those of a hunted and netted creature.

"Men," she said, "don't send me to prison. I just can't go to prison. All I've ever done is to tell the people how to get free. That doesn't seem a very wicked thing, now that you hear me say it, does it? If once the people unite and act together, they can live like men, without fear or sin or sadness.

"I have nothing against your flag. What I said was that no decent flag ought to float over a human wrong. Wash the blood-spots out of your flag before you wave it in our faces."

The judge rapped loudly on his bench.

"The prisoner is injuring her own case," he said. "I warn her."

"These are the things I have said for a lifetime," Miriam went on. "Every night on the street-corners of New York, in the halls, wherever men would listen, I have preached this society of brothers. Why do you jail me now? And even if you kill me so, remember you never really touched me. It was only my body you broke among you. You'll never catch me. Suddenly I'll be back where I belong. If it's only the dust of me that is carried from your prison, that dust will be found by the rain and it will climb toward the sun. But I think something else of me, too, will go down the wind."

The judge gave his charge. Only one verdict was possible from his interpretation of the law. The jury was led out and locked up. We sat silent, we her friends, in the buzzing courtroom. An air of victory was on the state's counsel. The jury returned in record time. Their verdict was guilty.

The judge summoned the prisoner. He gave her twenty years. It was a hideous sentence, the uttermost penalty of the law. A cry that was half a sob came from Miriam. It was the only time I have ever seen her moved to the breaking-point.

IV

The next two days and nights were heavy with despair for me. I knew there was no hope in appeal. I knew that prison would break Miriam's spirit, would kill the thing she was.

On the third night I did not sleep at all till long past midnight, and then only fell into a troubled dreaming which finally centered itself about bells, bells that were forever ringing. Would they never cease their whining insistence? Slowly they burrowed through to my conscious mind, and I woke to know that the electric bell of my flat was buzzing continuously. I put on a dressing-gown, turned up the light in my hall, and threw open the door. A veiled figure stood before me.

"I've come for my swim," she said.

"Miriam," I whispered, "in God's name—you here!"

"Shut the door," she said. "Hurry and get dressed. At the change of guards they'll know. By seven o'clock at the latest they'll know. The turnkey tonight was a 'comrade.' He left the door unlocked. They were going

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to transfer me today to the new prison and then there was no hope."

She pointed to her hat and veil: "See, I've hidden my hair. Now, hurry, and we'll be off. It's only two hours to daylight."

I dressed and ran to the corner garage. I had their best car at my door in ten minutes. Miriam was waiting in the entry. We sped north with the sense of a presence behind us, closing in.

Then for a mile over the dusty paths and through the wet, heavy grass we ran as I had not run since boyhood. We unlocked the canoe, carried it to the water's edge and tumbled in, and still the world around us slept. The water was smooth and silent through which we churned.

Our own little island was waiting, green and solitary and all-welcoming, as we beached on the crisp sand. We were safe. No one could come to us except by the waterway, and we should know it while they were far off.

"At last," cried Miriam.

Her voice, so calm in my long memory of her, was tremulous, with little catches of eagerness.

"Free at last," she repeated, "and forever."

"Forever," I muttered. "A few hours, Miriam, at most."

She only smiled.

Almost in another instant, it seemed, we were ready for the water, so fast we raced against the unseen presence that was always drawing closer.

She stepped to the high flat rock that jutted out over deep water. That was the signal for a long carrying dive that would send the swimmer well on his way. We cut the water clean, and swam toward the sun which was slowly rising over the Long Island shore.

"This is the time we go across," she called to me.

Straight on we went for many minutes.

"How the tide drags," I said.

"It is pulling down to sea," she answered.

We swam a full two miles out. She never varied her stroke, the long-reaching overarm, with the strong pull through. Unwinded and easy she swam.

"I can't make it, Miriam," I said, at last. "I'm getting tired."

"Then it's goodby for a little while," she answered.

Wearily I turned back, and came in, very slowly. At last I dragged myself up the shale and stood on the highest of the rocks.

The light was on the waters. I could swear I saw that little vivid head. It was here, it was there, it was at a dozen points on the flashing surface. Was it only a sparkle of sun on the ripple out of that sea of light?

Second Song

By LOUISE BOGAN

I said out of sleeping—
Passion, farewell.
Take from my keeping
Bauble and shell,

Black salt, black provender.
Tender your store
To a new pensioner,
To me no more.

In the Driftway

WEARY of Suzanne and Trudy and the motherly Mrs. Corson, of Valentino and Prosecutor Simpson, the Drifter is thinking of retiring to a newspaperless world and studying the history of vegetables. The seed catalogues and the horticultural guides which he finds in his friends' libraries are woefully deficient; they yield no lore or learning. There are treatises on gastronomy and solemn tomes on agriculture; but the Drifter wants to know who brought the first Brussels sprout to America, and when; who first tamed the wild carrot and the succulent pea; the adventures of Indian corn around the world; how and when the tomato lost its earlier cognomen of "love apple"; what vegetables, besides parsnips and turnips, were known to the Romans; and what garden things came with the first settlers to America.

* * * * *

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, reporting on New England more than a century ago, listed the vegetables commonly cultivated in Yankee gardens. The stern disciples of God seem to have been better eaters than their sermons would attest. They cultivated artichokes, asparagus, endive, celery, cauliflower, and other fruits and vegetables which the Drifter had supposed of later date. Thomas Jefferson, when President, kept a careful record of the green vegetables available in the capital markets—and he includes in his list "sprouts" and Lima beans, missing from the New England list. What were these "sprouts"? The Drifter wants to know. And did the fat Lima beans come to the North later than to the South? What is the truth in the story on which the Drifter was brought up that tomatoes were long regarded as ornamental but poisonous? Both Timothy and Thomas record them in their edible kitchen lists. Timothy Dwight, when president of Yale College, grew four kinds of melons in his back yard, and distinguished the cantaloup from the muskmelon; and he seeded his corn in twelve successive plantings so as to have fresh ears every day from mid-July to mid-November. The Drifter doubts if President Hadley or President Angell has paid such fine attention to the higher things of life. Obviously there are gaps in the vaunted progress of modern education.

* * * * *

MAIZE, tomatoes, potatoes, several kinds of squash and gourds and beans, the Drifter has been told, we owe to the American Indians. Most of them made their way to our part of North America by a circuitous route, from South America to Europe and back across the ocean. The tomato, indeed, owed its earlier name to a misunderstanding of a geographical name, for "love apple" came from the French "pomme d'amour," which in turn was a mistranslation of the Italian "pomo dei Mori," "apple of the Moors," recalling that the tomato reached Italy from New Spain via Old Spain and Morocco. But now, the Drifter reads, explorers find "Indian corn" grown for food in the remote aboriginal villages of Yunnan, close to Tibet. Can it be that this vegetable, like so many of the flowering shrubs and trees of the old New England gardens, is in its ultimate origin another Chinese? And will the botanically minded ethnologists find in it another evidence of the Asiatic origin of the American Indian? THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

The Worm Turns

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We college presidents are grateful when any one shows some knowledge of what our problems actually are. You have in the article Must Colleges Be Treadmills? indicated some of the sentimental vagaries of Dr. J. F. Kirkpatrick and his kind. You quite rightly say that "a body of scholars who do not know their own minds is a dangerous aggregation to turn loose with money to spend." You might have gone further and declared that it is a dangerous group to turn loose with the younger minds of potential scholars to manipulate at will.

What higher education in this country needs is not more freedom but more brains. Can anyone bring forward an instance where a faculty, after reasonable research, has recommended a policy rationally thought out and logically consistent and has found itself vetoed by the holding corporation? I know of none. Anyone who has ever sat in a collegiate faculty meeting will groan at the memory of cautious tedium, tedium largely due to the members being such specialists and so wholly devoid of general educational theory as to render mutual constructive effort next to impossible. The college presidents whom I know sing *Te Deum laudamus* at every sign of faculty *thought* about educational problems, theory, or practice. So do the trustees.

There is not a faculty in America that could be hired to take over the management of its college, for the simple reason that if it did the brethren would either have to economize or raise a great deal of money Our boards of trustees are not so much administrators of large endowments as industrious beggars of funds which the teachers need and demand. There is no college without a deficit and a program of development. The professors know this perfectly well. Even Dr. Kirkpatrick and the smart young men must know it. That is what makes all this pity for the regimented pedagogue unreal and fantastic. If one could find, say, fifty American scholars willing to raise their own salaries and the money for their research or else starve in penury for the sake of academic freedom, the situation would seem different. It is not that there are lacking fifty honest scholars. It is, rather, that the honest scholars know they are already as free as the general intelligence of the profession justifies their being—and perhaps a bit more so.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL,
President, St. Stephen's College

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., August 24

Remarkabler Yet

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of the 11th you say: "The remarkable and most disgraceful fact about the Republican Senatorial primaries in Illinois is the amount contributed in behalf of public-utility interests." You are wrong, I think. There is something remarkabler yet. That is the claim heralded by the press and leaders of organized labor that the nomination of Frank L. Smith was a victory for labor and a defeat for Coolidge. How do organized labor leaders get that way?

Mena, Arkansas, August 18 COVINGTON HALL

Religion in the Medical Schools

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You comment on the fact that Loyola College of Medicine refused admission to a well-prepared applicant professing agnosticism. Even many non-Catholic medical colleges, such as Louisville, Marquette, Buffalo, and others want to know the religious affiliation and church membership of their applicants. Their attitude shows why professional training of any sort should be carried on by the State rather than by private educational institutions receiving most of their financial support from denominational groups. Non-Catholic medical colleges would probably refuse admission to any applicant who stated that more religion was to be found outside than inside the church. Else, why do they ask questions in no way connected with the pursuit of medical studies?

New York, August 8 S. MICHELS

The Peace Department, 1821

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: More than a hundred years ago, when our government was waging war on the Seminole Indians, Dr. Benjamin Rush suggested the organization of a Peace Department in the federal government. Mr. Kirby Page could probably find suggestive details in the comments of the *Friend of Peace* (Vol. II, Boston, 1821) on this proposal. The Secretary of Peace was to be a man "perfectly free from all the absurd and vulgar European prejudices upon the subject of government." He was to head an efficient machine for spreading peace propaganda, a machine which was to keep its fingers on every public school in the country. The offices of the new Department of Peace were to be frescoed with appropriate designs. At the same time the offices of the War Department were to be redecorated with "a woeful group of figures, representing scenes of desolation" under the caption "National Glory." On the door-plates of the bureaus of the Secretary of War were to be such inscriptions as "An office for creating speculators, stock-jobbers, and bankrupts; an office for creating poverty and for the destruction of liberty and happiness."

Northampton, Massachusetts, July 22 M. CURTI

"Singing Jailbirds"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The enclosed is a copy of a letter just received from Ellen Wilkinson, M. P. I wonder if you would publish it and give me an opportunity to point out to your readers that there is an American Labor Play waiting for production. Unless I am greatly mistaken it is also waiting for review in *The Nation*.

Pasadena, Cal., August 24 UPTON SINCLAIR

DEAR MR. SINCLAIR: I have been telling every group of American Lefts that they simply must produce "Singing Jailbirds." In London J. F. Horrabin, the editor of the *Plebs*, our Independent working-class educational monthly, organized the reading of the play, with a group of the lads from the Labor College. Horrabin was "Red" Adams. We tried it out first in a comparatively small hall, the proceeds going to the Miners' Relief. Although there was no attempt at scenery, and although every part was read, the play created an immense impression. Some of our hardest "left-wing" cynics had moist eyes. We had a record collection, and since then it has been done in much larger places.

Some Labor leaders present at the first reading left the hall determined to do more for our own class-war prisoners. We have a good few left after the General Strike.

New York City, August 20 ELLEN WILKINSON

"Dry"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a mistake to call Judge J. E. Martineau, the Democratic nominee for Governor, a "Wet." The judge was accused by his opponent of being what is called in Arkansas a "drinking man." This accusation was, fortunately, disproved, and both candidates for the Democratic nomination were vociferously "Dry," during the campaign. Everybody, alas! is "Dry" in Arkansas, although our total consumption of moonshine compares favorably with that of any other State.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 27 PAUL C. SNODGRESS

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Books and Drama

Comparative Religions

By OWEN MEARS

Chen So-lin sits in the Methodist Chapel—
He sits on a hard pine board, unrelenting, ugly.
The chapel is a high gray box around him,
Beamed with a muddy brown. The altar
Arches in wood of reddish ochre—and the pulpit
Juts pugnacious—aloof—unattached.
The windows are a leaded, whitish glass
Quite thick enough to catch and kill the light
That passes dully through them. High and shrill
The choir leads a hymn with nasal pitch,
The congregation drags a note or two—
An earnest higher purpose leads them on.
The minister (the offering secure).
Arises to his place and reads his text.
An hour and a half he reads his theme—
A technical discussion of the translation
Of the original Hebrew of a certain word
In a particular verse of a given chapter
Of Isaiah.

Chen So-lin sits in the Methodist Chapel
But his being revolts from the orthodox grayness.
Taking his soul he flees up to the mountains
Over the brown plain with pulsating rivers—
Up the steep slopes, golden fair with persimmons—
Up to the mountains of pine tree and cedar—
Up toward the Heaven's intense blue whose calmness
Tells him that beauty and God can't be separate.
Here hides the temple with its dull red wall,
Court after court rises upward toward the hills.
Stone-paved, moss green, and golden with the sun,
The temples, golden-tiled, gleam dazzling bright—
Their borders, blue and green and red and gold,
Are blended to a whole of which each part
Sings harmony with sunset and with trees.
The temple, dim and cool and pillared tall,
Is lit with flickering candles whose faint light
Enfolds with soft caress the eternal calm,
The ineffable solicitude and peace
That sit aloft with Buddha, lotus-throned.
In the distance sounds the note of brazen gongs,
The minor chanting of the temple priests
Tells they are come to worship. Chen So-lin
Kneels on the flame silk cushion, and his hand,
Steady with love, and sure—and oh so sure—
Ignites his bit of incense at the shrine.

Chen So-lin sits in the Methodist Chapel—
The minister is saying the Benediction.
Brother Johnson grips him by the hand.
"Wasn't it a splendid service?" he asks with conviction.
Chen So-lin's eyes smile serene with their memories—
"Splendid," he said, and went out to the sunlight.

A Challenge to Liberalism

The End of Laissez Faire. By John Maynard Keynes. London: The Hogarth Press. 3s.

TODAY we find J. M. Keynes admitting that laissez faire, the first commandment of Liberalism, is now little more than a shell and a name. And Professor Clay, one of the finest flowers of British Liberalism, writes: "Laissez faire frees the individual from legal obstructions to the exercise of initiative. By neglecting the inequalities which this freeing of initiative necessarily created it at the same time relinquished him to the new unofficial servitude to the rich consumer and to the mechanical organization of production. The problem of modern society is to rehabilitate the individual." Both Keynes and Clay are disappointed with the results of the doctrine.

It is important to note, in an analysis of this highly significant statement by Henry Clay, that he is speaking of two individuals: one who benefits by laissez faire and the other whom it abandons to the slavery of the "rich consumer and the mechanical organization of production"—read Capitalism. The buyers of luxuries and the owners of the mechanical organization of production are one class and the individuals who serve them another. The problem, then, is the rehabilitation not of an undefined mass of individuals but of the victim of this "new unofficial servitude." Mr. Keynes too realizes that the end of laissez faire, of which the fall of the great party of Asquith and Lloyd George is only one manifestation, confronts every Liberal—industrial, commercial, and financial, as well as intellectual—with the necessity of making a choice in favor of some "opponent proposal." Of the two alternatives, "Protectionism," that is, state aid for capitalism, and Marxian Socialism or Communism, the former strikes Mr. Keynes as "at least plausible, and the forces making for its popularity are nothing to wonder at," whereas Marxism is abhorrent to his mind. However, though he leans toward Protectionism, he rejects it too, for the time being, one is inclined to think, in favor of a middle-of-the-road proposal. He suggests a unit of control and organization "somewhere between the individual and the modern state"—in other words, "semi-autonomous bodies within the state" such as the Bank of England, the Port of London Authority, and "even perhaps the Railway Companies." This is Mr. Keynes's solution. He recognizes that capitalism in the last thirty years has been the irrevocable undoing of liberal industrialism and trade. And, forced to select between Capitalism buttressed by the state and Socialism, he temporizes and offers a mongrel product which he christens "State Socialism." If the Bank of England, the British railroads, and the ordinary big banks and big insurance companies of which Mr. Keynes speaks are forms of State Socialism, then he is right. One suspects, however, that Mr. Keynes has made his decision in favor of modern Capitalism, but cannot yet bring himself to admit it.

At all events, Sir Alfred Mond, formerly a pillar of British Liberalism, has gone over to the Tories with a number of his fellows, while many of his old party friends are joining hands with Labor. This may in the end be Lloyd George's fate also. The point is that in England, where Liberalism is not of the parlor variety but rather a matter of hard, every-day life, of definite economic policy, Liberals who hitherto stood on the neutral fulcrum of the seesaw are now compelled to go to one of the ends of the board, to Die-Hard Capitalism or to pro-Socialism. This is a challenge to Liberals the world over.

In economic life Liberalism is dead. We have trusts and chain stores instead of free competition, protectionist tariffs and customs barriers instead of free trade; but more important still, there is frank governmental intercession on behalf of Capitalism. Baldwin openly sides with the mine owners and makes possible the eight-hour day, Mussolini decrees the nine-

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hour day; sugar, fruit, and oil companies invariably touch a sympathetic chord in the United States Navy and State Department. All over Europe states are subsidizing industry and commerce, and international trusts are growing up to limit production and fix prices. Nor are these accidental or passing phenomena. They seem to be imperative measures for the support of Capitalism in what may be an extremely prolonged period of "relative stability."

With Liberalism gone out of the world of business, can it maintain itself in the life of the social individual? With the state mobilized for Capitalism, can democracy be real?

LOUIS FISCHER

A Misunderstood Man

The Life of William Godwin. By Ford K. Brown. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

WILLIAM GODWIN is not the subject of a biography every year. It was to be hoped that when a successor to Mr. Kegan Paul's volumes was published it not only would gather together much of the available though scattered information on Godwin's relations with his contemporaries but would contain some elucidation of the curiously varied ways in which they regarded him, and would add to our knowledge of his tangled private affairs. Godwin was, during a part of his life, one of the most notorious of men, the subject of innumerable references in the letters and diaries of the time. Among his acquaintances were many of the most striking and important literary and political men of two generations. Yet he remains a somewhat inscrutable person. It is not difficult to understand that he aroused respect and admiration for his works in the same individuals by whom he was laughed at and despised for his personal stiffness and arrogance. But the heart of the man is a mystery, and calls for interpretation. The supposed discrepancy between his preaching and his practice accounts in part for his treatment at the hands both of his contemporaries and of later writers, and is largely due to a misunderstanding of his doctrine; to read "Political Justice" and some of the later essays disposes of it. Other wrong notions are the result of political prejudice. But there remain points that careful investigation might clear up, and which, once ascertained, would make clearer our knowledge of certain of his contemporaries as well. What was wanted, in short, was a biography that would perform for Godwin somewhat the service that was performed for Hazlitt by Mr. Howe's recent biography.

Mr. Brown's work does not completely satisfy these requirements. He has been obliged to draw extensively upon Mr. Paul's volumes, since, as he says, some of the documents to which Mr. Paul had access have disappeared. He also draws upon the letters of Coleridge, Southey, and Lamb, and upon other less familiar sources; the book contains little that is new. Unfortunately Mr. Brown's method of quotation is unscholarly; slight alterations in diction and arrangement are made without notice, and the defect is too prevalent for one to suppose that he has had the privilege of using original documents in each case. Exact sources are seldom indicated. There are also inaccuracies in dates, not always a trifling matter in biography. These defects prevent the work's being authoritative.

It does, however, serve the useful purpose of collecting reminiscences of Godwin not unknown but not before assembled. There is a good account of the controversy with Malthus, and an excellent one of Godwin's relations with Thelwall. Perhaps the most valuable part of the book is that on Francis Place, who attempted to set Godwin's financial affairs in order and finally gave up in disgust. We are given no satisfactory explanation of what became of Godwin's not inconsiderable income, but the matter of Godwin's borrowing is well handled, with some mitigation of the traditional accounts of the extent and the manner of it. Something is done, too, to destroy the myth that Godwin was "a cold-blooded monster of superhuman impassivity," though his emotions are vindicated at the expense of Mary Shelley's veracity. The soundness of Godwin's heart is implied in his relations with his pious, ignorant mother. It is to be wished that Mr. Brown had found space for one of her characteristic letters to her son; the single brief quotation is not altogether representative.

Godwin wrote in the *Enquirer:* "In judging the past conduct, particularly of others, he that is not liberal and indulgent is not just." This is especially applicable to Godwin himself. In so many respects he stood apart from his time, by very nature he was bound to such an extent to be misunderstood both then and afterwards, that only by offsetting the prejudice against him can the truth be manifested. It was easy in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and it has been easy since, to defame an unconventional, noble mind. Mr. Brown, by presenting the facts objectively, has been liberal and indulgent in comparison with those who have sneered at Godwin as the propounder of an impossible and obnoxious system and the writer of deservedly dead novels. By doing so he has added his name to those of Mr. Paul and Mr. Brailsford as a dealer in justice. Though his work is scarcely valuable for those who already are familiar with Godwin, it makes a good introduction to him for that larger number of readers who are not.

RAYMOND A. PRESTON

A Neighbor's Novel

His Son's Wife. By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THERE are some novelists through whose minds, like strangely colored windows, one looks into a new world. Dorothy Canfield is not one of these. Her sympathetic gaze is fixed upon the neighbors. Her power lies largely in the friendly familiarity of the people and places of her books and her skill in evoking experiences which might have been ours. As her interest transcends mere gossip and the collector's delight in assembling human oddities, she wants to know how the forces which animate her people ebb and flow with the tides of the world beyond their hills, and then to explain to that wider circle the engaging and lovable discoveries which she has made. She is more anxious to tell something than to say something.

If one may judge from "Her Son's Wife" and the preceding novel, "The Home-maker," the ray of understanding which recently has illumined Dorothy Canfield's well-loved New England scene is the newer psychology and its teaching of the interaction of mind and body. Like the earlier book, "Her Son's Wife" offers a psychiatric solution to an apparently insoluble problem in personal relationships. Mary Bascomb realizes that she must find some way to free the family from the childish tyranny of Lottie, the pretty, vulgar daughter-in-law whom Ralph married in a moment of impulse and contrition. She encourages, then fosters, then all but enforces the invalidism to which Lottie is inclined as a means of getting sympathy and attention. While Lottie is kept in her room and bed, Lottie's husband and child may escape from the clutter and quarreling and cheapness which emanate from her. In evolving the pragmatic rule of life which alone can reconcile Mary's highly organized self-centered universe with the helpless floundering of childish little Lottie, Mary comes to see how her own self-pity and self-righteousness have corroded her spirit and eaten into Ralph's integrity. She abandons her rigid accounting of faults and virtues to accept people for what they are and what they may be, and, in accepting them, loves them—loves even Lottie.

In this story Dorothy Canfield walks a narrow and difficult path between didacticism and sentimentality. In the large she avoids both; Mary Bascomb is not merely a New England symbol used to point a moral but a real and evolving personality. It is safe to predict that "Her Son's Wife" will be

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used to illustrate many a sermon on the old truth that she who loses her life will find it. It does exemplify that gospel—but in the modern rather than the Puritanical understanding. Mary Bascomb succeeds not because of her sacrifice of personal ambitions but because she sees and accepts her fundamental desire—to save the grandchild from the wreckage of the parents—and in working for this scraps egotistic idealizations and moralisms so that she may understand each opposed human factor and draw from it the constructive elements which will serve her end.

Dorothy Canfield has the gift of the story-teller. Her sympathy and her vitality fuse into integrity with her story the temptations to teach and to show which lurk in the New England background. She has become a real educator—as opposed to a mere propagandist—in the art and rationale of neighborliness.

MARY ROSS

Peter and Caesar

The Pope. By Jean Carrère. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

IT is a question open to serious doubt whether any Catholic traveler through the late unlamented Papal States—meaning, of course, a traveler not directly dependent upon pontifical favors—ever wrote a book extolling the administration of the Papal principality. This much is certain: no nineteenth-century celebrity of any great renown, Catholic or Protestant, after his sojourn in the Papal States, ever went on record as a eulogist of the Vatican considered as a center of secular sovereignty—as long as that sovereignty existed. Even Macaulay—a fervent admirer of the Papacy viewed as a perdurable historic institution—had nothing but contempt for its domestic statecraft. His private letters—like those of the historian Gregorovius, of Margaret Fuller, and of innumerable other eye-witnesses of Roman misgovernment—are full of curious sidelights upon one of the worst governments that ever carried on. Its posthumous reputation, however, among devoted Catholics is not founded upon any of its true characteristics while alive. It is with commonwealths as with men: the worst among them, when martyred, will find their apologists among enthusiastic souls—as if a violent death, no matter how incurred, were quite as meritorious a performance as a useful life.

The secular reign of Roman priestcraft, after centuries of heaped abuse and tyranny, died a violent death in 1870—and of this death it has been living in the glorifying wish-dreams of a great many Catholic enthusiasts ever since. We cannot recollect among their hosts a single one equal to Jean Carrère in fervor, eloquence, and skill of mutilating history. If you can imagine a compound of Loyola and Podsnap you have the literary physiognomy of Jean Carrère, at least as it is on view here. Like Loyola he has the power to conjure up any pseudo-historical pageantry which can shed glamor upon his Romanist doctrine; like Podsnap he has the amazing gift of waving away any inconvenient fact that may stare him broadly in the face.

The main pillars of his dream-concept of papal history are two types of his own invention—an immortal Chief-Lama, called Peter, being a composite portrait of all the Popes that ever reigned, and an equally stable fixture in the annals of Western civilization, representing a supreme secular power, whom he calls Caesar. According to Jean Carrère, the pacts and conflicts of these two perennial potentates are the central fact of Occidental history. Where did Peter get his warrant of spiritual supremacy? The author, despite his Catholic fervor, refrains from answering the question with the angry retort of Charles the Fifth when quizzed by the ambassador of Henry the Eighth: "It's too late in the day to argue *dabo tibi claves.*" On the contrary, he devotes an initial chapter of sermonizing exposition to the choice of Christ, arranging and exhibiting to best advantage all the scriptural corner-stones of the doctrine of Roman supremacy with a skill inspired by faith. The book is about as perfect an expression of retrospective Romanist views upon history as can well be imagined. It is brief, entertainingly written, and excellently Englished. For all these reasons it deserves to be recommended to students of Romanist perspectives.

JAMES FUCHS

The Dangerous Queen

The Fugger News-Letters: 1568-1605, *Second Series.* Edited by Victor von Klarwill. Translated by L. S. R. Byrne. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.

THE first series of Fugger News-Letters contained reports, by the best journalists of the day, of a wide variety of events—wars and witch-burnings, miracles and assassinations. The new series, while perhaps less entertaining, is of far more value to historical students. The editor has extracted from the Fugger archives in the Vienna State Library the more important letters referring to England under Queen Elizabeth. They are dated from all parts of Europe and show very conclusively the tremendous and, from the point of view of the old order, sinister influence that Elizabeth had on the Europe of her time.

The Fuggers were the greatest bankers of the day. They supplied monarchs, including the twice-bankrupt Philip II of Spain, with the means to carry on wars. They were thus devoted to the cause of Catholicism and regarded Elizabeth as a menace to property and religion. Evidently their correspondents had instructions to keep a close eye on "this Queen," as she is frequently called in the letters, and to report any activities of the English which might affect, directly or indirectly, the fortunes of the House. The English Court seems indeed to have occupied a position somewhat analogous to that of the Third International to-day. It stirred up heresy and sedition in various parts of Europe. It encouraged adventurers to make piratical raids on the lawful property of the King of Spain. It even negotiated with the infidel Turk for assistance against that monarch. No wonder good Catholic statesmen and bankers were in a perpetual state of rage and alarm, and eager for any news that could be gleaned as to the Queen's impending moves!

Fugger reporters seem to have listened to rumors as readily as do some of their professional descendants. Elizabeth was constantly reported assassinated or dead from natural causes. In one respect, however, they showed their inferiority. There are scarcely any atrocity stories in these letters, and none of the correspondents seem to have been bright enough to discover that Protestantism was equivalent to free love—or worse.

KEITH HUTCHISON

An Immigration Source-Book

Historical Aspects of the Immigration Problem. By Edith Abbott. The University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

NOWHERE more than in matters pertaining to immigration has fact been so lopped or stretched to fit the Procrustean bed of propaganda. The time has come for undertaking dispassionate inquiry and survey of the varied materials offered by the experience of the United States in dealing with the manifold problems arising in the development of an immigration policy; it is strange that thus far so little has been done. Miss Abbott, realizing the importance of immigration as one of the outstanding facts of American national life, has rendered pioneer service by publishing two source-books of immigration material.

The first volume, devoted to a collection of documents and case-records which throw light on many legal, social, and historical phases of the subject, is now supplemented by a second volume, which is the outgrowth of material once intended for the first. This second volume should perhaps precede the first, for it is filled with documents discussing the general questions relating to immigration and therefore basic to more technical

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discussion. Presenting as it does a bird's-eye view throughout the years of American life previous to 1882, when the first federal immigration legislation was passed, it gives a sense of the richness of this much-neglected field.

Miss Abbott allows reprints of material long inaccessible and little known to tell their own story, adding only introductory notes to each section. Since the various documents naturally overlap, she shows the line between differing phases of immigration to be a fluid one. In general, however, she has stuck to her classifications. Throughout the whole runs the perennial question as to whether emigration is a remedy for overpopulation. Lord John Russell maintained that the number of persons removed from a locality was never so large as to produce an effect on the population and thus to increase wages. And ever throughout the documents runs the cry of the handloom weavers and the Irish after the potato famine, so thankful for opportunity for work that they emigrated at their own or the parish's expense and then wrote back with joy of the opportunities for work for even mites of six years. Whether or no emigration proved a solution, the steady stream went on. As district after district of the country opened up in response to the westward urge, letters went back telling of opportunities for work and homes in the new land; even States alluringly held forth the possibilities they offered. In 1853 the State of Wisconsin distributed and sent abroad nearly 30,000 pamphlets describing its attractions. Small wonder that numbers came ever increasingly, that Ireland had "hand-bills placarded on every corner, tree and pump and public place in the city of Dublin and for fifty miles in the surrounding country, stating in substance that the people were fools not to leave the country."

Constantly comes the realization that American policy in regard to immigration has been hit-or-miss and has involved the same mistakes over and over again. The obloquy we cast on Southern Europeans today but repeats our attitude toward Irish and Germans. "Everywhere in the United States the Irish-born part of the population is only tolerated by the native Americans as what has been termed 'a serviceable nuisance'; it is a population of foreigners and outcasts, exceedingly valuable as a mass of labor which gives productiveness to capital in a country where the natives dislike work for hire, but socially despised, and in so many ways ill-treated, that practically it does not enjoy that equality of rights which is the boast of American democracy." That was written in 1847, and only eight years later we hear that the "German in America is a complete stranger . . . the German in America is despised as an alien. . . . Only in places where the Germans are in the majority does the newly arrived immigrant find, after all the hardships of the journey, an endurable existence."

The papers of the Know-Nothing Party might have furnished much of the testimony before the Senate and House Committees on Immigration of the 69th Congress. We learn in 1856 "that most of the grog shops in the city are kept by unnaturalized foreigners"; we now hear that the bootleggers are all foreigners; in either case the possibility of ascertaining the facts is remote. We still are told that "immigration is bringing the most important institutions of the land into danger" (1850), or that "the danger of foreign influences threatens the gradual destruction of our national institutions" (1845). On the other hand, in 1855 it was felt that "the powerful position of America has given its inhabitants a conceit which is expressed not only in foreign relations but toward everything foreign coming into the country."

The book gives the other side of the medal too, since it shows the long struggle to keep other countries from dumping their paupers and criminals upon us, and the gradual realization that the problem was too vast a one for the separate States to control. Today, as in 1851, "there is no subject of which a merely one-sided view is more commonly taken than that of immigration"; but such volumes as Miss Abbott's lead the way in showing that immigration is neither all black nor all white. Nor is it a problem of one country alone, for it leaves its mark on the country of emigration, the lands of transit, and the place of destination.

The story is not without its idyllic side. If you had but gone to Texas in 1857 you would have been "welcomed by a figure in blue flannel shirt and pendent beard, quoting Tacitus, having in one hand a long pipe, in the other a butcher's knife; Madonnas upon log walls; coffee in tin cups upon Dresden saucers; barrels for seats; to hear a Beethoven symphony on the grand piano; 'My wife made these pantaloons, and my stockings grew in the field yonder'; a fowling-piece that cost $300, and a saddle that cost $5; a book-case half filled with classics, half with sweet potatoes."

JANE PERRY CLARK

Books in Brief

Free Negro Heads of Families in the United States in 1830. By C. G. Woodson. Washington, D. C. The Associated Publishers. $5.

Free Negro Owners of Slaves in the United States in 1830. By C. G. Woodson. Washington, D. C. The Associated Publishers. $1.

Taking the census of 1830 as representing the peak development of the free Negro population prior to the repressive measures of 1840-59 against this particular class, the editor of the *Journal of Negro History* has compiled a documented report from the original manuscript schedules of the Census records, listing family heads of the nearly half-million who enjoyed freeman's status at that time. Apart from its startling revelation of the size and distribution of an almost-forgotten element of the Negro population, the study makes available important material for the further study of economic and social conditions both of the Negroes themselves and of the general community. From this survey much material was gained for Dr. Woodson's study entitled "The Beginnings of the Miscegenation of the Whites and Blacks," since the marital relations and color of persons listed were in most cases indicated; and the second of the above listed volumes, a somewhat startling list of over four thousand free Negro owners of slaves, is a direct by-product of the main bit of research. Here is another exhumed chapter of American history. While a great majority of Negro slaveholders were benevolent purchasers of the "freedom" of their wives and relatives, protecting them from a harder slavery by this technical legal ownership, many were, as a matter of fact, plantation owners and exploiting slaveholders after the general fashion of the South. Dry as the terse records are, they bear more of the actual facts and anomalies of the slave regime than many shelves of controversial literature.

Sins of Science. By Scudder Klyce. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $3.

The author, with a humility most becoming to one solving the riddle of the universe, admits that he may have committed a petty blunder here and there in the solution, but says he has grown unshakably certain that he now knows the fundamental truth. It has fallen to his sad lot to protect us, and especially our children, "against the positive viciousness of scientific materialism or agnosticism." For his sacrificial boldness in assuming this modest role he asserts that he has been dubbed "a damned philosopher by the scientists" (possibly as the result of John Dewey's introduction of sanction to Klyce's latest book, "Universe") and "a damned scientist by the philosophers." The first allegation may possibly be true, though it is doubtful; but it is highly improbable that even a philosopher would accuse Mr. Klyce of being a scientist. He writes challenging letters to scientists—Richards and Millikan, for example—and then distorts their replies beyond recognition by reading his own philosophical interpretations into their scientific responses. Thus Richards's atoms acquire absoluteness, Millikan's electron attains divinity, and Russell's space-time becomes "absolute free space." The reader's salvation is conditioned by his willing-

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ness to embrace the doctrine of Mr. Klyce that "The Related Many Equals the One." Mathematicians, biologists, physicists, and psychiatrists may alike peruse the contents of this book, but only one of the groups mentioned will thoroughly understand it.

Friends of Mr. Sweeney. By Elmer Davis. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

"An editor," said Rixey, "is a man who can explain molecules to an expert on mining, and explain mining to an expert on molecules, and make each of them think he knows what he's talking about." Elmer Davis crams a lot of soundly observed satire on the highbrows of his profession into a frothy story of a plodding sub-editor who discovered tiger women, bubbling bottles, and burglarious bandits in one adventurous night.

The Story of Durham. By William Kenneth Boyd. Duke University Press. $5.

Durham, North Carolina, is bourgeois and middle class and gloats over the fact. Professor Boyd tells of Indian settlements, of sturdy pioneers, and of General Sherman's negotiations which led to the military surrender of the Confederacy. These are interesting but irrelevant. They might as well have happened on another planet. They have nothing to do with the sign of Bull Durham and the epic of the cigarette. The Civil War increased the demand for tobacco. It was a crop which lent itself to the newer agricultural conditions of the South. Durham lay in a district which produced one of the best grades. The markets had been in Virginia. There was a prejudice against the North Carolina crop. A group of manufacturers decided to start producing tobacco products at home. They began one of the world's greatest advertising campaigns. Durham became the tobacco capital of the world.

Drama

Potemkin

THE Film Arts Guild and the Russian organization, Sovkino, have given a private showing of the Russian film, "Armored Cruiser, Prince Potemkin," to three hundred invited guests. The picture is for sale in America. Max Reinhardt and Douglas Fairbanks unite in saying that it is great art, the best motion picture either has ever seen. Already it has had, as well, a tremendous commercial success in Germany despite defeats in certain German cities by political censorship. Will Hays, who seems never to forget that the average mental age of the American public is fourteen years, and is so very careful lest the movies help mature us, was not present on Tuesday. There is no final word therefore as to whether the picture is to become a legend among the cognoscenti, or be the sensation of the movies this year.

In making the picture Director Eisenstein used members of the Moscow Art Theater and hundreds of non-professional actors from the Proletcult (Organization for Proletarian Culture). The story, based on the official report in the Admiralty files of the Czar, and on the recollections of eye-witnesses and participants, describes the revolt of the sailors of the armored cruiser "Potemkin" of the Black Sea fleet outside the harbor of Odessa during the 1905 Revolution, the demonstrations of the common people at the tent-bier of the sailor who led it, the attack on the mourners and revolutionists by the Cossacks, and finally the escape of the cruiser "Potemkin" with the connivance of comrades on the other cruisers of the fleet to the Rumanian port of Constanza. Here is epic material, full of pity, terror, and truth.

Someone muttered in the audience "This is only news-reel." There could be no higher praise for the reality conveyed. So it was, indicating at last in which direction the art of the movies is to lie, if the screen is to be something more than a vehicle for exploiting the personalities of stars and a distractor of the public gaze from public and private conflicts. There was no star in the picture, unless perhaps the cruiser itself, or the sailors, or the masses of Odessa. Certainly not the sailor who rose to give command and who died in the fighting. The eyes of the audience beheld, sensed, understood all that happened on those significant three days. Captions were few and simple, muted down, whispered directions to those who have forgotten history. The continuity halts nowhere for explanations. The eye but followed as the ear might hearken to a tune. The sailors, at work, asleep in hammocks in sultry and cramped quarters, waking, going to their decks and engines, to roll call, grumbling about the rotted meat. The doctor, looking at the meat through his glasses. Nests of wriggling maggots. The doctor says the meat is good, to wash it off in salted water. The sailors know that in the prison camps of Japan their comrades are better fed. The commander of the cruiser will have none of grumbling. It smacks of mutiny. He commands the firing squad. . . . Sail-cloth is thrown over the malcontents. "Fire!" "Fire!!" . . . "Fire!!! . . . But comrade will not fire upon comrade, and the revolt has come. Words convey but feebly the tremendous impression of being everywhere at once which the all-seeing camera was able to give.

This was more than news-reel. The camera, like some holy invisible, watched and recorded. Of all this population that Director Eisenstein commanded, not one lingered before the camera. Life was the thing—masses of men, sweating at the furnaces, at mess, fighting; faces, arms, legs, engines, thermometers, the big guns with nostrils scenting danger, the restless flow of the common people of Odessa across the narrow file of the breakwater to where the dead sailor lay in common state; the faces of the mourners, the student and revolutionist exhorters; the crowd in panic—things like these have never been seen so well in life or theater before. Nor has machinery, monster and servant in the modern world, been so emotionally comprehended, or the relations between those who physically manipulate it and those who own it been so dramatized.

The audience was divided between those who were nervous and puzzled by the social conflict which was the theme of the film, and those who were deeply moved not only by the revolutionary theme but by the revolution in movie technique bringing in its wake a vision of the new developments in the one art the machine age can call its own. Whether the public sees this picture or not, it will before long experience the influence of the new technique, the use of masses, the feeling for motion and machinery, a new swiftness and naturalness. Director Eisenstein, when he has finished the picture he is now making in Moscow, a film concerned with cattle-breeding and cream separators, I am told, will spend six months in Hollywood. He has been granted leave of absence by the Soviet Government to direct one picture for United Artists.

ERNESTINE EVANS

LECTURES

SCOTT NEARING
Just back from England, will lecture on
The General Strike
At NEW STAR CASINO, 107th St. and Park Ave.
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 19, at 2 P. M.
Auspices Workers' School Admission 75c.

SCOTT NEARING
Now in England for the British Trade Union Congress, will lecture upon his return on
"THE CRISIS IN BRITISH IMPERIALISM"
at the
Community Church, 34th St. and Park Ave., N. Y. City
MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 20, 1926, at 8:15 P. M. TICKETS 75c.

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International Relations Section

Where Slavery Still Rules

PORTUGAL'S African Slave States, an article in this section of *The Nation* for March 10, described the Ross-Cramer report on the exploitation of native labor in the Portuguese colonies in Africa, and the item-by-item answer to the report given on behalf of the Portuguese Government by Alfonso Augusto da Costa, which virtually caused Viscount Cecil's Geneva Slavery Protocol to be still-born. The following articles, translated from papers issued in Lisbon, Portugal, and Angola, Portuguese West Africa, reveal the abject, if more or less intermittent, slavery of the natives to the white overlords of the land.

A Government administrator declared that the Government considers all natives its property. This is borne out by the Forced Labor Law of January, 1925, requiring all employers of native labor to contract for it with the Government. An early draft of this law was printed in *The Nation* for August 27, 1921, as a translation from the *Jornal de Benguela*, from which come also some of the excerpts printed below. The agreement discussed between Angola and São Tomé has been signed. Its terms have not been published, but they are not likely to differ greatly from those mentioned in the article translated from *A Batalha* for November 10, 1925. *A Batalha* is owned and operated by the Confederação General de Trabalho, the Portuguese labor movement, a syndicalist organization which does not countenance the use of armed force.

The native tax several times mentioned in these articles (the collection of which seems to be the principal function of the Government) has the effect of driving the natives from the cultivation of their own land to work for the planters and the large enterprises as well as to finance the Government. The tax amounts to four-fifths of all the Colony's direct taxation. The natives pay in this way 40,000,000 escudos ($1,600,000) annually. In return they receive the right to work for the white men at the daily wage of 80 centavos (3 cents). The annual tax is 80 escudos, so that the tax represents one hundred days of work. It is commonly levied on males from 14 or 15 up, but a correspondent of *The Nation* has in his possession a photograph showing children between 7 and 13 years of age with their *sénhas* (tax assessments).

At the present time natives in the out-station villages of a certain mission are being punished by the local government because some of them were so indiscreet as to give some facts to Edward A. Ross when he was there. The officials can only create inconveniences for the European missionaries, but the natives are made to suffer.

These articles are no special indictment against the Portuguese. A similar system is in vogue in certain French colonies and in some British areas in Africa. Some of the worst exploiters of the native in Angola are non-Portuguese (American) companies. The Angola Petroleum Company, a Sinclair concern, would not permit Mr. Ross to visit its works, and grave charges have been made against it.

Contract Labor in Angola

A Batalha (Lisbon) in its issue of May 13 published an article signed Correia da Sousa, from which we quote:

A contract has been signed between the Government of Angola and the General Construction Company which should have been denominated The Death Pact. According to its terms the company, as party of the second part, has the right to recruit so many hundred Africans for its service, using them according to the customary conditions laid down in the *testamento negro*. The company exploits its worse than slaves in exchange for an insignificant remuneration and a deficient supply of food deprived of nutritive properties. The work is violent and continuous, whether the burning sun suffocates and bakes the chattels or the rain precipitates itself upon them in great torrents.

Three men's work must be borne by one, although the contrary is true of the food and wages, for five do not get what one should have. And if one does not step quickly, the actual violence of the whip (*látego*) carries out the threat of its constant presence. The black, the poor Negro, has no right to feel indisposed, to say that he is unable, that he is sick. He may have intestinal dysentery or malignant sores. He may be anemic or jaundiced, or afflicted with pneumonia or malaria. If he dies—a Negro dies, a dog. Just one beast less. . . .

Starved, sick, only when their strength is completely exhausted, only when even the whip brandished brutally over their wasted bodies can no longer force them to rise—only then, carried on a stretcher or assisted by their companions in slavery and misfortune, are they taken to the hospital. Some die on the way, others in the vestibule of the Lodging for Public Employees, whence, of those who reach the hospital, a large percentage go on to the public cemetery.

Some who are able to walk flee from the hospital to be free from the boss who tortures them. Among these there are not a few who run away so that they can take the pieces of clothing with which they are furnished on the day in which they enter the hospital. Not a few times some of those who flee are found dead in the high grass, where the last bit of strength had abandoned them.

Lodged under the vilest of unhygienic conditions, starved, sick, abused by excessive work, and by all physical and moral tortures, with hardly a rag to hide their genital organs, their bodies exposed to the inexorable rigors of the weather, the life of these unfortunates is a cycle of martyrdom.

If we consult the register of the admission of patients to the Central Hospital of Loanda, we shall have occasion to see that the diagnosis of a large number of native workmen is inanition. The larger part of this contingent of hunger victims comes from the General Construction Company and from the railways.

"They kill them by starvation. . . . When they come to the hospital they already have the death rattle in the throat." So said the chief of the health services of Angola, Coronel Dr. João Gomes Delgado, Jr., referring to the frightful proportion of deaths from among the employees of the General Construction Company and the railways.

That is why the governor at that time, the rude militarist Miguel de Almeida Santos, was, it is alleged, attacked by the journalists, who demanded that he take precautions to oblige those whose responsibility was so great to respect the life of the native laborer.

The chief of the health services, observing that the inter-hospital death figures were extraordinarily augmented by the "serviçais" (contract laborers) of the company, and in order that the precautions urgently required by such an excessive mortality might be taken, ordered statistics prepared. The disease-cause of the deaths in question was inanition. Upon examining the books containing the obituary registers, it was found that in the short space of less than three months almost two hundred had died of hunger.

What precautions then, what restraining measures did the governor take? None. The unfortunates continued to enter the hospital by the tens and the dozens per day, going there starved, already in the agonies of death.

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And the members of the company became rich. Civilization and Progress. . . . Poor unhappy slaves.

Slavery in São Tomé

From the same paper's issue of November 18, 1925, we quote the following:

The *roceiros* (plantation owners) of São Tomé, generously sacrificing their "legitimate interests," offer to each Negro the salary of fifty escudos [about two dollars] per month. Not content with this stupendous prodigality they offer to repatriate him at the end of three years if he wishes. They will give him a blanket when he embarks, and—supreme philanthropy—they will even feed the minor children who may accompany him. . . .

Fifty escudos a month cannot be considered a wage. No white man, however deplorable his economic condition, would accept it, to say nothing of the accompanying long hours which invite tuberculosis. . . . Further, the Negro never has the fifty escudos in his possession . . . and, even more, he continues to owe them [the *roceiros*] money. It is slavery without disguise.

Local criticism in Portuguese East Africa is voiced by Antonio Augusto Dias in the *Jornal de Benguela* of May 7, 1926:

We do not yet know whether in Loanda official attention has been given to the supply of labor to São Tomé. We do not know whether the methods used will be studied and approved here in the colony, whether its bases have already been assented to by the home Government and the *roceiros*. . . .

It still remains unknown whether the period of contract will be for more than two years with optional renewals, in order to guarantee the necessary number of laborers. . . .

We find in the *Província de Angola* [a Loanda paper], in an article signed by the director, various pertinent considerations.

The illustrious writer finds the number of able-bodied men insignificant, according to the official charts, which show the Negro population of Angola at between five and six millions. These numbers are more than exaggerated. There are completely deserted regions whose populations were decimated by hunger, by sleeping sickness, and by smallpox. There may be fewer than three million native inhabitants today. We must realize that the official data coming from the enrolment for the hut-tax and purporting to represent heads of families are not absolutely true. In the majority of cases the unit represents a single individual. Many of these are not yet truly adults and many others cannot be used in agricultural services because they are already of advanced age. . . . The greater number [of the inhabitants] are women and children.

The article ends by raising two important points. The law of human liberty demands their fulfilment. They are: (1) Repatriation compulsorily assured; (2) voluntary contracts, without possibility of deception.

The first could be guaranteed in the agreement to be drawn up between the two colonies, if Angola could exact the fulfilment of such a clause. The second depends on the free will of the native, in desiring to go to those islands. It is true today the native is so worn down by working on the roads and giving his services far from home that he hardly has any fixed habitation, and would, perhaps, not be reluctant to emigrate, in the belief that there is no difference between one place and another.

That the natives are well treated and have medical assistance in São Tomé we have no doubt. There would have been similar assistance in Angola (some private agricultural enterprises do have it as an exception), but the Government, one may say, has abandoned the project. . . . Preventive vaccination for smallpox should be compulsory, and sleeping sickness reduced to the minimum by the extinction of the tsetse fly

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and by the abandonment of those regions where such extinction may prove impossible. No native should be allowed to go to work in regions other from that where he lives, unless there first be provided adequate housing arrangements, and unless he be furnished with appropriate clothing. Finally, we should look after him not only as representing one of the resources of the Colony but, first and foremost, because it is a humanitarian duty which civilization puts upon us.

The same issue of the *Jornal* states that:

The active Commercial Association of Bihé (Associação Comercial), which is headed by our dear friend, Senhor António da Fonseca Santos, who is an able and earnest defender of the interests of the Plateau, sent to Loanda the following opinion on native labor which we reproduce with pleasure, and with which we fully agree:

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Your Excellency's circular concerning the agreement which is being sought with São Tomé for the supply of native labor.

This association cannot fail to support Your Excellency's attitude, since it has been declaring for years that the population has decreased in this and in other neighboring districts to such a point that the planters of Bihé have found themselves forced to reduce their areas under cultivation, while some have had to abandon agriculture completely.

In the year which just closed this district had already ceased to produce sufficient wheat for its own consumption; and in the year now beginning, for the same reason, the sowings have been so reduced that the harvest will not yield half the required amount. And thus we shall turn to Australia in search of our bread, paying in gold which costs us such great sacrifices. And this for lack of workers!

First it was São Tomé which took the best of the population—by the hundreds and thousands per year—never to return. Afterward it was the needs of agriculture and of the railways of Benguela, of Loanda, and of Mossâmedes which took from us in these last years more than 20,000 blacks—who also stayed away, some of them were victims of sleeping sickness. Later there were the mines of Katanga and the diamond mines which provoked a formidable exodus with the glitter of their gold and the illusion of fantastic promises. There are also the methods by which in the past years the authorities made up the tax-rolls and secured the payment of this native tax, and the way in which they have recruited labor for road work. These factors also augmented the exodus. Thus, sir, is the district of Bihé reduced almost entirely to women, children, and unfit. . . .

No Money for Peking!

MR. EUGENE CHEN, Acting Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Canton (South China) Government, on July 14 handed to the American Consul for transmission to the Minister at Peking a note concluding as follows:

None is so blind as to fail to see that the present phantom government in Peking is a creation of a brace of medieval militarists and a bunch of Mandarin statesboys and states-coolies whose obvious purpose is to grab the proceeds of whatever tariff doles and loans America and the other Powers may be willing to grant in order to maintain a status quo that conflicts with every vital interest of Nationalist China.

Any payment of tariff moneys to Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin must necessarily mean that America and the other interested Powers—through the machinery of the unified, British-controlled Chinese Maritime Customs—will be (a) paying national revenues collected throughout the whole of China to two transient usurpers of detached pieces of Chinese territory, and (b) subsidizing these two militarists to continue the prosecution of civil war against the Kuominchun and Canton, who are the two modern arms of Nationalist China, and thus assist militarism to dominate and flourish in China. And specifically it will mean that America and the other Powers will be collecting the increased customs revenues of Canton and handing the same to the medieval Wu and the ex-bandit Chang in order to enable them the better to fight and attempt to destroy the greatest center of Chinese Nationalist thought and activity, which is Canton.

I have to add that any loan or loans to be contracted by the agents of Wu and Chang on the security of the promised surtaxes shall not be recognized by the Nationalist Government. And I have the honor deliberately to warn America and the other interested governments that Chinese repudiation of any such loan or loans may conceivably create a situation rendering it imperative for the principle of repudiation to be extended to other loans contracted in the interests of reaction and militarists and mandarin exploitation and plunder.

Canton, July 14 CHEN YU-JEN

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON is the author of "The Story of Mankind" and "Tolerance."

HARBOR ALLEN is publicity director of the Civil Liberties Union.

CARLETON BEALS is in Mexico, where he has been for several years studying political and social institutions.

ARTHUR GLEASON, one of the most courageous liberals of his day, was known both here and in England for his articles on labor.

LOUIS FISCHER, who has been *The Nation's* correspondent in Moscow, is now in Berlin.

RAYMOND A. PRESTON has taught courses in the literature of Godwin's period at Brown University and Washington and Jefferson College.

MARY ROSS is associate editor of the *Survey.*

JAMES FUCHS is known as a writer for the liberal and radical press.

KEITH HUTCHISON is a young Englishman connected with the London office of the New York *Herald Tribune.*

JANE PERRY CLARK is secretary of the International Migration Service.

ERNESTINE EVANS spent the greater part of last year in Russia.

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